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THE GOLD FIEND:

—OR,—

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH-STONE.

A Story of Boston and New York.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE MISSING DIAMONDS. A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

It was early one forenoon that Rosine Charlton placed in the hands of her mistress a note which she stated had just been left at the house. It was a crumpled and dirty document, without envelope, of blue ruled paper. The writer was evidently not familiar with epistolary correspondence. He had certainly made numerous experiments in folding the paper before he had satisfied himself, and the rhomboidal figure finally adopted, showed him—supposing the writer to be a man—a person of peculiar taste. The seal of this remarkable missive was of dingy wax, and bore the impression of a twenty five-cent piece. The address was written in sprawling, irregular characters, abundantly illustrated by blots, while in one corner a huge slanting "Immediate," challenged the attention of the recipient. Probably dainty dame had never before received such an unpromising missive.

Mrs. Norman opened it with the tips of her fingers, curiosity overcoming repugnance. It ran in this wise:

"No. ——, Chatham Street, New York.

"Mr. Moses Santon, as Above, presents his Compliments and Respects to Mrs. Norman, and would she be so good, as to call as Above and examine Some property Detained for Exn. supposed to belong to Mrs. N. N. B. money advanced on deposit of Personal Property. Immediate attention requested to the Above."

"What can this man mean?" said the widow, handing the note to her maid.

"I suppose he is a pawnbroker, ma'am—and is alarmed at having suspicious property in his possession. But you have missed nothing?"

"Nothing whatever."

"You had better write him to that effect."

"I rather think I had better see him myself. The person who sent such a document must be a character, and really he has excited my curiosity. I can go *incognita*, you know. Go, Rosine, and engage me a hackney coach. Tell the man to draw up at the corner of the next street. Meantime I will change my dress, and with a veil drawn down, I can visit this person's place without fear of recognition."

The lady was a person who resolved and acted with great promptitude. While her maid was executing her command, she put on a very plain carriage-dress, with bonnet, veil and shawl, and by the time the girl returned, she was ready. In company with Rosine she left the house, and the two, entering the carriage, were rapidly driven to the designated number in Chatham Street, where the lady alighted, and alone crossed the threshold of the Three Balls. A dirty young man loaded with mock jewelry was in attendance, and in reply to her inquiry for Mr. Santon, silently pointed to the back office. Threading her way through the mass of trumpery that littered the passageway, the lady followed the direction and found herself in the presence of the old Jew who performed a sort of Oriental salaam at the mention of her name. This salutation achieved, he drew from his pocket a red bandannah handkerchief and polishing off the arms and cushion of a tarnished Louis Quatorze chair, begged her humbly to be seated. She sank into the chair in an attitude of studied grace, for this thoroughly artificial and vain woman was not above playing off her attractions on the humblest individual.

"You have sent for me, sir, to look at some property supposed to belong to me. Now, though I have missed nothing, there is a bare possibility that I have lost something without being aware of it. What are the articles?"

"Shewels, ma'am—beautiful shewels."

"Then they can't be mine. I am certain that none of my jewels have been purloined—I keep them too carefully."

"O, it is all well, then. I'm very poor, madam, but I'm honest. Not for the world would poor Moses deal in stolen goods. But de shewels were so beautiful—and dey say Mishis Norman wears de very finest in the city."

"You couldn't let me look at them?"

"O, certainly, madam. I shall soon be at liberty to sell them—if de person who pledged them doosh not pay me de monish. Perhaps my lady might like to buy. Dey are very fine."

"Well—well," said Mrs. Norman, impatiently. "Let me see them."

The Jew unlocked his desk, and took forth a casket which he placed in the lady's hand. She started as her eye fell on the case, but when she opened it, she uttered an exclamation as she recognized her diamond necklace.

"The jewels are mine," she said, as soon as she could speak—for emotions—astonishment, pain, indignation, almost overpowered her. "I can swear to them. I can prove their identity."

"O, de villain!" exclaimed the Jew. "O, de rascal! To think of it—and,he a shentlemans. Take dem—take dem, my lady. Your word is enough. I would not keep dem for a moment. But tell me," he added, coming closer to her, his eyes gleaming through his spectacles, as he fixed them on her face—"will you prosheeute?"

"Prosecute!" replied the lady—passing her white hand across her forehead, as if to collect her thoughts. "Whom—for what? Yet it cannot be. Will you tell me, sir—indeed you are bound to do so—who placed this necklace in your hands? Was it—was it a jeweller?"

"O, no! ma'am—no—it vash a shentleman. At least, I took him to be so. Shtop—shtop—I will show you his name."

The pawnbroker proceeded to take down a book from a shelf, and unclasping it and fumbling over the leaves, his forefinger halted at a certain page, and he handed the record to the lady.

"Harry Redwood!" Her voice faltered as she read the signature.

"Yes! dat ish it," said the Jew, and it seemed to Mrs. Norman as if he said it with a sort of exultation.

"It is terrible to think of," murmured the lady.

"Very dreadfuls!" said the Jew. "Only to think of it! Mishter Redwood. One of our first families. But he shall pay me my monish, or I'll see if dere ishn't law for Jew as well as Christian in New York."

"How much did you advance him on this pledge?" inquired the lady.

"A tousand dollars, my lady."

"Have you a blank check on the Merchant's Bank?"

"O, yes, my lady."

"Give it to me—and pen and ink," said the widow, drawing off her glove.

"Certainly, my lady," said the wondering Jew.

"When this necklace left my possession, it wanted repairing."

"De repairs have been made as you see, my lady."

"That cost some ten dollars."

"Shtost dount ten dollars."

"And you have had a good deal of trouble about this affair?"

"Moosh troubles, my lady."

"Very well—here is a check for ten hundred and fifty dollars, payable to bearer. Does that satisfy you?"

"Perfectly, my lady."

"Very well. Now draw your pen through that receipt and entry on your book."

"But he has a ticket—he can claim de deposit."

"What are you thinking of, man? You will see no more of him. Do as I bid you."

"It is done, my lady."

"Now write a receipt in full to date, from Mrs. Percy Norman, of all demands against Harry Redwood, and sign it."

"It ish done, my lady."

"And there is your check. Breathe not a word of this transaction to any soul alive."

"Upon my honor, my lady. I see you don't mean to prosheeute. And yet you spend your monish."

"Revenge is well worth a thousand dollars," said the widow, unable to repress her feelings. She rose as she said this, and moved to the door, first hiding the recovered casket in her bosom.

Rosine was waiting for her impatiently, her curiosity having been keenly awakened by the visit to the pawnbroker's.

"Well, ma'am," said she. "You staid a great while. Did you see him?"

"Yes, a most absurd old fellow," answered the widow, carelessly. "A parcel of trumpery rings, on one of which he discovered a letter N. was the cause of all this trouble. But his den was a perfect curiosity shop—and he insisted on showing me all his trash, in the hope that I would buy some of his cracked china or his manufactured old masters. I was a fool to go there."

So practised was the speaker in the arts of dissimulation that Rosine, sharp as she was, failed to detect any artifice in her reply, and failed to notice the slightest trace of emotion in her smiling countenance and unfaltering voice.

As they passed up Broadway, the widow saw Redwood standing at the door of a hotel, smoking a cigar.

"Isn't he a handsome fellow?" she had courage to ask, as she called the attention of her confidante to the gentleman. "What a pity he indulges in that odious habit of smoking. He must give it up if—"

"You mean *when*," said the maid, archly.

Mrs. Norman colored most naturally through her artificial blush, as she tapped the girl playfully on her cheek.

"What an inveterate spy you are!" she said. It was now Rosine's turn to color. The casual word "spy" had touched her conscience.

Arrived at home, Mrs. Norman declined the services of her maid, and complaining of a headache, retired alone to her chamber. To that retreat we shall not follow her. Whether the discovery she had made of Redwood's baseness wrung her soul with agony, or whether pride and indignation sustained her, and enabled her, after the briefest struggle, to tear his image from its cherished resting-place, it is not for us to know. But whether the struggle was long or short, it is certain that she kept her room for many long hours.

Yet when she descended to the drawing-room in the evening on the announcement of a call from Mr. Redwood, she certainly appeared as if no shadow had ever rested on her calm pure brow. She had been under the hands of Rosine for a long time, and the perfection of art had enhanced the perfection of beauty. Tall, stately and Juno-like in her proportions, she made her *entree* with the grace of a queen. Diaphonous drapery swept around her in floating clouds. Her beautifully-moulded arms, gleaming through transparent lace, were clasped by circlets of exquisite workmanship. A single diamond glittered like a star in the shining plaits of her raven hair. Her fair shoulders and neck, however, were invisible, for as the evening was chilly, she had thrown over them a costly cashmere shawl.

If her object was to dazzle, it was accomplished. Moving in an atmosphere of elegance and beauty, and familiarized with these elements in the person of the charming widow, Redwood was yet visibly impressed with their manifestation on this evening, and, with all his assurance, his voice faltered as he presented the bouquet he had brought with him, and uttered the compliment he had elaborated while waiting for the completion of the lady's toilet. Mrs. Norman received the offering with many thanks, pressed it to her lips and made her visitor take a seat beside her.

"Now I expect you to be very entertaining tonight," she said. "You know you are to accompany me to the Park Theatre to witness the debut of the fair 'young lady of New York,' her first appearance on any stage as Juliet. What is the last gossip of the town?"

"I have had no ear for gossip lately. My thoughts have been too seriously occupied."

"Indeed! And pray what weighty matter has engrossed your mind, Harry?"

"Can you need to ask, Julia?" said the gentleman, with marked emphasis.

"I never could read riddles," replied the widow, gaily.

"My love for you, Julia—hopes, doubts, fears!"

"What a character you are! I thought at the very least you were revolving the question of importing a prima donna, or a dancer—and you tell me about your hopes, doubts and fears."

"Ah, Julia! It is ill sporting with a sincere affection. You must end this torturing suspense."

"You seem to thrive pretty well on 'torturing suspense,' Mr. Redwood."

"A man's external appearance is no criterion. You do not know what anxieties I daily suffer."

"Tell me one thing, Mr. Redwood," said the lady, laying her hand lightly on his arm, and bending on him the scrutinizing glance of those dark eyes, that seemed to swim in humid fire, and imparted such a charm and expression to her face: "tell me truly, for how much of your 'sincere attachment,' etc., am I indebted to my position as a leader of fashion, to the elegance with which I am surrounded, and to my wealth?"

"To none of these!" replied Redwood, impetuously. "They have attractions for vulgar minds. But I thought you knew *me* well enough to know that mercenary considerations are the farthest possible from my thoughts."

"I hope so," said the widow, with a sigh.

"Believe it, Julia—believe it—I conjure you," said the young man, pressing to his lips the hand which she did not at once withdraw.

"I have often wished that I were poor," said the lady, gently extricating her fingers from the passionate clasp that had imprisoned them.

"And I have wished so for my sake," said Redwood. "But for yours, I would still have you surrounded by every elegance that money can command. These accessories become you, they are the necessities of a regal beauty and a stately character. You should never know worldly cares—the pressure of pecuniary adversity. Believe me, poverty hardens and corrupts as much as wealth."

"O, no!" said the widow.

"You do not recognize the truth—and your angelic nature might be proof against every trial. But tell me, Julia, tell me at least that I may hope?"

"Have you reflected on the disparity of our ages? Do you know that when you are still in the prime of manhood, I shall be but a faded flower?"

"Never—you are one of those rare creatures on whose forehead Time never sets his signet heavily. But were it so—what should I care? It is neither for your beauty nor your wealth—though I recognize the power of both—that I love you. It is your inner self that attracts me to you—your heart—your mind—and these custom and time can never stale."

"Ah, if I could only believe you," said the widow, gently. She leaned back on the sofa, and dropping her long lashes, folded her hands and appeared absorbed in pensive reverie. Redwood contemplated her with mingled anxiety and admiration. The statuesque repose of her attitude, the purity of her contours, the harmony and elegance of her figure, the graceful folds of her drapery that seemed to borrow a picturesqueness from her person, would have made her a charming study for painter or sculptor. Suddenly the statue moved.

"One thing I have forgotten to mention ever so many times," said she—dispelling the poetry of Redwood's emotions by the common place nature of her remark. "That diamond necklace! How long is it since that dilatory wretch of a jeweller had them? You know my grand *soiree* came and went off, and I was obliged to do without them. Now I depended on shining to-night, and without those glittering gems, I look like a planet robbed of her satellites. When will they be done?"

"To morrow without fail," answered Redwood, firmly. "You should have had them to-night."

The widow made no verbal reply, but dropped the shawl from her shoulders, and lo! the missing diamonds glittered on her ivory neck.

Redwood gazed aghast upon the gems, and trembled from head to foot. The widow enjoyed his embarrassment with keen satisfaction—the expression of her eyes and face changing, as anger flashed in her glance and scorn dilated her nostrils and curved her lips.

"You see, Mr. Redwood," she said, coldly, "that tired of waiting, I was compelled to order the necklace myself."

"From—from the jeweller's?" stammered Redwood, with a faint smile.

"No, sir—from the pawnbroker's—where you had pledged them."

"The villain lied," said Redwood. "The jeweller has played us false. The delay shows it. It was he who raised money on them—you may be assured of it."

"Hush! hush!" said the lady. "Don't involve yourself in a mass of contradictions, sir. I went to the pawnbroker's in person. How I discovered the fraud it matters not."

"I can explain, if you will give me leave," faltered Redwood.

"You can explain nothing. I have received unanswerable proof of your criminality. Let it suffice that I have recovered my property. And there, sir, is a discharge of your debt to the Jew, you owe him nothing now."

"At least you will permit me to repay you," said Redwood, drawing out his pocket-book, scarcely knowing what he did.

"I will receive nothing from you. The discovery of your character was well worth the sum I paid for the knowledge."

"O, had fate spared me but twenty four hours!" said Redwood, clenching his hands in agony.

"I can tell you what would have happened then," said the widow. "You would have brought back the jewels. I should have received them unsuspectingly. I should never have known that, coveting my wealth, you had speculated in advance on its possession—and—yes, for in the hour of my strength, I may well confess my weakness, I should have married a man whose vows were false as the wind, and who loved me, not for myself, but for my gold."

"No, no—do not believe it!" said Redwood, throwing himself at her feet. "I have loved—I love you still—passionately—devotedly. I was driven nearly desperate by a debt of honor. You placed temptation in my hands—a fiend counselled me to avail myself of the means, and his voice accorded with the inner fiend's that drowned my wavering resolution. I fell. Will you not take pity on me?"

"Rise, sir," said the widow, coldly. "You need not appeal to me—I am steel—marble on this point. My dream is over. I had thought that in this base world there was one heart proof against the fiend of gold—one uncorrupted nature. The prodigality with which you threw away your money, seemed to me a proof that you despised it. Your debt of honor—what was it?"

"A debt contracted at the gaming-table."

"Ay—crime begetting crime—and the thirst of gold underlying all. Faugh! how I hate the thought. The thirst of gold! It pervades and poisons our atmosphere. Every man has his price."

"And every woman!" said Redwood, angrily, springing to his feet. "You in your merciless indignation, have shown that you prefer your money to your love. Much good may its enjoyment do you! But if there is a retribution in this world, in many a lonely hour to come, you shall expiate in bitter agony the sentence you have pronounced this night."

"Leave me!" said the widow, pointing to the door. "Leave me—and thank the heart you have outraged that it is not utterly changed to stone, and that you owe an escape from shameful punishment to the weakness of a woman's nature."

Redwood bowed haughtily and obeyed. Mrs. Norman sank almost exhausted by the violence of her emotion, on the sofa, and touched the bell-rope. Rosine obeyed the summons with a promptness that showed she could not have been far off.

"Tell the servants," gasped her mistress, "never to admit Mr. Redwood, should he call again."

"Never!"

"Yet stay—it is useless. I shall never see him more. Henceforth we shall be strangers—enemies. Ask me no questions—but help me up stairs. I long to tear off this lace and these vile baubles. O, Rosine—I am sick—sick—sick at heart, and weary of the world."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE. DOUBTS DISPELLED.

Redwood descended the broad staircase with its massive rail and balustrades, and velvet carpet, like a man in a dream. As he reached the bottom, and his footsteps rang on the marble flagging of the hall, he started and looked around him a moment before he could recall the place. But there were the pilasters and the lofty Gothic arches, the statues in the niches, the pictures and the light falling from a gilded branch artistically over all. He had come—and so lately hoped to enter this mansion as its master, and now he was to pass its portals for the last time, a detected and branded criminal. As he approached the door, the servant in attendance saved him the trouble of opening it. Redwood glared at him as if the act had been a personal insult, clenching his fist and measuring his distance for a blow. But his thoughts rallied in time to save him from this folly. He drew on his kid gloves, buttoned them at the wrist, and tripped lightly down the steps. The hum of the multitude, the shuffling of footsteps, the roll of carriages, though far from being unusually loud, seemed to him an unwonted din, and give him a headache. The street-lamps and those in the shop windows seemed to reel. But he mastered his maddening emotions by a strong effort of the will, and moved along with his usually light and elastic step. More than one young *elegant* who passed him, cigar in mouth, turned to look admiringly and enviously at his graceful figure. He turned into a saloon glittering with lights and filled with gay company seated at marble tables, smoking, drinking and listening to the music of a select orchestra, and strolled up to the bar where he called for brandy, for he required a powerful stimulus to master the growing mutiny of his nerves. Captain Pleasants stood there, sipping a glass of wine.

"My dear fellow—delighted to meet you," said the captain. "An age since I have seen you.

Remember that I am at all times ready to give you your revenge."

"My revenge!" said Redwood.

"Yes—you can't have forgotten that cool thousand I won of you."

"My dear fellow, I shouldn't have thought of it, had you not reminded me of it. By the way—have you seen Mr. Selwin lately?"

"Only yesterday. He isn't about town much. I fancy he has become very industrious, and has some engrossing job on hand."

"Then I shall be likely to find him at his rooms?"

"Undoubtedly. He sleeps there, you know."

"Ah, I shall be sure to find him. Thank you. A fine evening."

"Incomparable. *Au revoir.*"

Once more in the street. The jar of the carriages no longer affected his nerves. He took no heed of the passers by—no heed of the thousand glittering objects that woo the attention in Broadway by night, for his thoughts were engrossed by one idea, by one purpose. **He was a ruined man,** and the author of his ruin lived. Mark Selwin, who had introduced him to the gamblers, who had taken him to the pawnbroker's, was that man—that traitor. He could not doubt it. The Jew had no motive for betraying him. Had he suspected a criminal transaction, his first impulse would have prompted the pawnbroker to play upon his fears. The Jew and Selwin were the only persons, beside himself, cognizant of the transaction. Whether the Jew was an accomplice in the treachery was needless to ask. He could not call him to account without endangering his safety. That, to be sure, was now a secondary consideration with Redwood, but the Jew was beneath him. Selwin was a responsible person, and not below the vengeance of a gentleman. And that vengeance should be a signal one.

With these thoughts passing through his mind the unhappy man turned into Chambers Street, and in a few moments stood at the painter's door. He knocked—there was no reply. No ray of light streamed through the keyhole. The entry was pitch dark. Redwood took a match from his pocket and by its light read a notice on the door. "Out of town." It was dated two days back.

With a muttered oath he descended the staircase. At the street door he stumbled against a man who was standing there. For a moment he hoped it was the object of his search. But it proved to be a very different person—an elderly, thickset man. It was no other than Griffin, who had come on the same errand with himself. He exchanged a bow with him and passed on his way home to concert measures for tracking the fugitive who, he made no doubt, had left town to elude him.

In the single glimpse that Griffin had of the face of his rival by the gas lamp, he had read volumes. Disappointment, indignation and care, had left traces that so skilled a physiognomist could not fail to interpret rightly. The wily schemer rubbed his hands together, while a sinister smile stole over his hard features.

"I have him—I have him," he muttered. "There is nothing more to be feared from him. If I could only lay hands upon Selwin now—all would be safe. The scoundrel has of late exhibited signs of mutiny, and I don't like the looks of his leaving town without my permission. However, I have no immediate occasion for his services, and provided he returns within a week it will be all right."

Leaving Mr. Gerald Griffin to pursue his way to the City Hotel, we beg the reader to accompany us to an upper room of the home where Irene and her father lodged. In that room, a bed-room, some hours earlier in the day, sat Mr. Ezekiel Sandwich, in an attitude which realized his idea of the *otium cum dignitate;* that is, he was reclining in a chair with his boot-heels resting on the back of another chair placed before him. Through the space thus bounded on the right and left by unpolished leather he contemplated the figure of an old man sleeping on a bed, the appointments of which were scrupulously neat.

"He's a perfect pictur! that Number Seven!" said the Yankee. "Looks as innercent as if he'd never been through the mill. Good color in his cheeks—hair all smooth and nice; breathin' reg'lar as clock-work—quite a creditable specimen of my doctorin' and buildin' up. He shall give me a certificate for my patent native Injan pills as soon as he gets about, and I'll insert it in the newspapers, referrin' to him as the 'Celebrated Sufferer' cured by one box. Hillo, Number Seven?"

This exclamation was caused by the waking up of the sleeper, who, after rubbing his eyes, gazed round him a moment, and then recognized Sandwich, by a grateful smile.

"How do you feel now, Number Seven?"

"Nicely; thank you. I feel as if I could get down stairs to-morrow."

"Wall—we'll see about that when to-morrow comes. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'—Scriptur! What do you say to a nice glass of brandy and water—cold, without?"

The invalid uttered an exclamation of repugnance.

"Wall—then—a good mild Sherry Cobbler?"

"Nothing of the kind—don't speak of it."

"Wall—a bowl of chicken-broth?"

"Ah, I could relish that."

"I really believe the critter's cured!" said the delighted Yankee, lowering his feet to the floor, and taking a chair by the bedside. "Let's feel your pulse. Why, number Seven—you're right as a trivet! Don't keer about going back to the Pints, do you?"

"Don't mention them."

"Nor the quarts nuther?"

The convalescent shook his head.

"Bunkum!" said the Yankee. "I railly think you're weaned from your evil courses. And to-morrow you'll sign the pledge?"

"I'll do anything you wish—and keep whatever promise I make you religiously."

"I hev no kind er doubt on't. Human natur' is a cranky kind of a machoen—but it runs smooth enough if it's properly handled. But it wants a good engineer to keep it straight—and it's a mighty hard thing to repair when it once gets out of geerin'. That's my idee. Wall, Number Seven, I've been to the Pints a dozen times at the risk of my life, to try to get on the trail of your friend, that 'ere Newbury—you said that was the name he went by?"

"Yes, but not his real name."

"And you've promised to tell me that."

"I will tell you all. I only made a half confession."

"Yes—and then you was took with a fever—and I couldn't get nothin' onter you. And thinks I, it's cruel to be pumpin' of him instead of savin' his life. I know'd nothin' could be done without you, and so I've worked on you day and night to get you well. But it was like workin' a crazy ship off a lee shore in a gale of wind, I tell you. But never mind—we've fetched past the breakers. And now you keep quiet, and I'll go down stairs and scare up your chicken-broth. It's a good sign that you wont touch rum in any way or shape."

"Never again."

"That's hearty."

In the sitting-room below stairs, through which he had to pass to go to the kitchen, Sandwich found Matthew Milford, sitting by the window, his head resting on his hand, and looking disconsolate enough.

"Hullo! you here!" said Sandwich. "I told you I'd call for you in time to go to the theatre."

"Yes, I know it," answered Milford, with confusion.

"O, I know—came to see the gal. Wall, what makes you look so down in the mouth? You're doing well enough now, aint you?"

"Yes, very well, in a business point of view."

"The paper's going up, and Coals has raised your salary?"

"Yes."

"And the magazine fellows are arter you, and you hev as much as you can do, and get well paid for it—don't you?"

"Yes."

"Wall, then what on airth makes you look as if you'd buried all your friends, and were goin' to your own funeral at half-past seven?"

"Sit down here one moment, Zeke."

"One moment, then, for time's precious—and there's poor old Number Seven clamorous for his chicken-fixin's."

"The cause of my trouble is the footing in which I stand here. For the few first days after Irene's accident—indeed, until she had recovered—I was received well here—and I was permitted to assist Bradwell and his daughter. I have already told you that I felt more than mere friendship for the beautiful creature, who seemed so superior to her circumstances, so gifted, so pure-hearted."

"Number Seven's waitin', I tell you," said the Yankee, impatiently.

"Let me speak. Some weeks since a change came over her manner and her father's. They were reserved, distant, cold. My presence was evidently unwelcome. They insisted on repaying the advances I had made."

"That was right enough."

"We'll pass over that circumstance. But can you tell me why Irene denied herself to me, when I knew she was always at home?"

"Gals is gals," said the Yankee, sententiously, "and you can't make nothin' else of 'em, if you try ever so hard. Who but a fool or a poet would think of pickin' out a critter that has rode in the ring? I have seen goin's on here that I haven't keered to speak about, that I didn't like the looks of a bit. Folks hadn't ought to car' on as they do car' on, they'd ought to car' on as they'd orter—as Simple Simon used to say. If you haven't been able to see her—others hev. I've know'd her to receive a gentleman jest arter she'd sent you word that she wasn't to be seed."

"Ezekiel you torture me beyond expression," said Matthew, grasping his friend's arm.

"I'm sorry for that," said the Yankee—"but if the girl's determined to give you the sack, the sooner you know it the better. If you've got an achin' grinder, it's no use to fool away with anerdynes—but have it out at once't even if it does hurt like mighty. But I declare, old Number Seven 'll die of starvation, if I don't make haste."

And tearing himself away from his friend, the rough but good-hearted trader vanished incontinently. A light step—a rustle of silk—and Irene stood within the room. She started on seeing Matthew, and the blood rushed to her cheeks.

"You here, Mr. Milford!" she exclaimed. "I certainly was not aware of it."

"Or you would not have come, perhaps?" said Milford.

"I didn't say that," said Irene. "I am glad to see you. We have not met often of late."

"That was not my fault, Miss Bradwell."

"Nor mine, I assure you. I have been very much engaged."

"Too much engaged to receive any callers, I suppose?" said Milford, with marked emphasis.

Irene was silent, but colored deeply, for she understood the insinuation. But though embarrassed, there was no trace of displeasure in her expression. As Milford gazed upon her, admiration of her beauty absorbed every other feeling. He drew his chair beside hers.

"Miss Bradwell," he said gently, "you have it in your power to give me a very happy evening. I called to invite you to the Park Theatre, to-night, to witness the first appearance of a young lady who is said to possess great beauty and talent. There is a mystery about her that piques the public curiosity. She is said to belong to one of the first families of New York, reduced by commercial misfortunes. The occasion will be one of extraordinary interest. May I hope for the pleasure of your company?"

"I thank you for your thoughtful attention, Mr. Milford, I assure you," said the young lady. "But indeed it will be impossible for me to go. Yes, impossible," she repeated, after a moment's reflection.

Milford's disappointment was so visibly depicted in his countenance, that it made a painful impression on the girl.

"I assure you," she hastened to add—"that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to go with you—nothing. But circumstances over which I have no control, compel me to decline."

She said this so frankly and honestly, that every shade of doubt and jealousy was swept from Milford's mind. He reproached himself with ever having wronged her by an injurious thought.

"Irene," he said, taking the little hand that trembled in his, "you must see—you must feel, how dear you are to me. I cannot live without you—I love you—I have loved you from the moment I first saw you."

"O, Mr. Milford," faltered Irene—"I was not prepared for this. I am unworthy of you—poor, uneducated, a child of the ring—incapacitated from earning a living—dependent now on charity—while you—you have talents—you are destined to rise—"

"Not without you," interrupted Milford. "If you do not listen to me—farewell hope—farewell ambition. My heart can love but once—and a disappointment would kill me. Dear Irene, tell me that you will be mine?"

"I cannot," faltered the poor girl. "My fortune is too dark, and I am too proud to cast a shadow on your path."

"Irene, you do not love me!"

"Not love you!" cried the poor girl, passionately, and bursting into tears. "O, Matthew, I do not deserve to hear this from you."

"What! am I indeed beloved!" exclaimed the young man, covering her unreluctant hand with kisses. "You have given me life and hope. A thousand blessings on your head, my beautiful, my own."

"The carriage is waiting!" said Bradwell, putting his head, with a napless beaver on it, in at the door.

Irene started to her feet. Bradwell nodded and withdrew.

"The carriage!" thought Matthew; "no matter. Let her have her little secrets—they are innocent. She loves me, she has confessed it, and I am the happiest of men."

He left the house on his way to the printing-office, just as the carriage containing Irene and her father whirled away from the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW ACTRESS. GRIFFIN EXPLODES HIS MINE.

THE Park Theatre was packed from pit to ceiling on that night. The boxes displayed a noble representation of the worth and wealth, the talent, beauty and fashion of the metropolis. Splendid toilets gave to the first tier the aspect of a parterre of flowers, in the midst of which necklaces and tiaras sparkled like sunbeams. The pit was a solid mass of black coats, with a liberal sprinkling of editors and critics in front. Even the galleries were crowded, and this long before the rising of the curtain. Among the spectators in the pit were our friends Milford and Sandwich, sitting together, the former gazing round the house, pleased with every object that met his eye, and the latter indulging in the humble luxury of pea-nuts, of which he laid in an indefinite supply.

The play selected for the trial of the *debutante*, was Romeo and Juliet, "a sing'lar mixture," Sandwich observed, "of love and murder, street fights and pisonin', cruel parints and onhappy lovers—highly improbable and shockingly immoral."

Of course, Milford dissented from this view, and warmly defended Shakspeare, whom Sandwich pronounced "no great shakes, and not fit to hold a candle to Sheridan Knowles." He was one of those persons who prefer horses to Shakspeare, and the sawdust to the boards.

In spite, however, of Sandwich's preferences, he certainly seemed to enjoy the play, and grew quite excited at the battle of the partizans of the rival houses.

As the time approached for the entrance of the *debutante*, the tumultuous house was hushed to perfect silence. She came—she glided on the stage, simply attired in white, a beautiful and graceful creature, whose dark eyes and hair contrasted wonderfully with her spotless attire. A burst of applause greeted her appearance and gave her hope and confidence. But there was one heart in the audience that throbbed more convulsively than that of the *debutante*. At the very first glance, Milford has recognized in the beautiful young creature the lady of his heart and hope—IRENE!

Sandwich was more obtuse. His eyes were not prompted by his heart.

"She's pooty, anyhow," was all he said.

"Don't you know her?" whispered Milford.

"Know her? how should I? How dy'e spose I know all the gals that are floating round town?"

"It is Irene."

"Irene! Sure enough! Jerusalem! And that's what the critter's been keepin' so everlastin' dark about all along. Why, the gal's a trump."

"Hush! she speaks."

The first tones of her voice, though tremulous with emotion, were silvery and sweet. As she proceeded she gained courage. In the ball-room scene, she moved and spoke as if she had been familiar to the stage from infancy. But in the balcony scene her triumph was assured. She so threw her whole soul into the character—with such passionate accents did she address the Romeo of the evening, that Milford became jealous of the poor stick who was entrusted with the part. The scene closed with rapturous bravoes and floral tributes from all parts of the house. In the succeeding acts Irene proved herself fully equal to the task she had undertaken, and the curtain fell at length on a triumph rarely equalled on the stage. Loud cries for "Juliet," resounded through the theatre, and the re-cacciated heroine was led forward in front of the curtain to courtesy her thanks. As she slowly passed across the stage, gracefully acknowledging the plaudits of the house, her eyes met Milford's for a moment—but the pleasurable thrill of that moment was enough to atone for weeks of doubt and torture. Telling Sandwich he would see him in a moment, the young man rushed from the house and went round to the stage door. Old Bradwell had just handed his daughter into a carriage. He shook hands with Matthew, and passing him into the carriage, made him take a seat beside Juliet, he himself occupying the front seat. It was scarcely two minutes' drive to their lodgings, but those two minutes seemed a second only to Milford, for he held Irene's hand in his, and he was pouring forth the tribute of his admiration in her delighted ear.

When they reached the Bradwells' residence, Milford was going to take leave of his friends for the night, but the old gentleman insisted on his taking supper with them. And what a merry supper it was, in spite of the plainness of the food and the humbleness of the apartment. The lovers were left alone for a few moments and they made good use of their time.

"You know my secret now," said Irene—"and why I so often denied myself the pleasure of your company. Something I must do, and in my position, the stage seemed the only career open to me. That I did not overrate my ability this night has shown. But it was a fearful ordeal. At times I thought I should have sank under it—but then came the thought of you, Matthew, and of my poor father, and I resolved to succeed."

"Ah, Irene! a splendid vista opens before you now. You will become the darling of the public, and you will forget your old friends."

"Never," said Irene—"never."

"But a few hours since—I offered you my hand. It is no longer worthy of your acceptance."

"Do you think a few hours have changed me? Do you not think I value one kind word from your lips more than the plaudits of a thousand tongues?"

"Dear Irene!"

"I have confessed that I loved you, Matthew," said the actress, ingenuously—"but I gave you no answer when you asked me for my hand. There it is—and it is given with my heart."

Matthew covered it with kisses, and pressed it to his heart.

* * * * *

Some evenings after the scene described above, Mr. Gerald Griffin was seated alone in his room at the City Hotel. He was dressed in a fashionable black coat and pantaloons, and wore patent leather pumps, a white vest crossed by a gold guard chain, and a white neckcloth. A pair of white kid gloves lay upon the dressing-table. But that his features were so bold and marked, he would hardly have been recognizable, attired and perfumed as he was, the more particularly since he had been under the hands of the Phalon of those days, by whom his hair had been dyed of a lustrous black and arranged in ambrosial curls. He looked at himself in the glass with a strong feeling of satisfaction, and then pacing the room to and fro, communed with himself:

"I certainly was born under a lucky star. The discovery of that paper added an unlooked-for link to the chain I have been forging. It makes my success certain. True, I have labored hard for it, but the prize was worth the toil. In the ruin of Redwood, my agency was unsuspected. No one could have recognized me in the few of Chatham Street. I fancy I sustained that character with the ability of a consummate actor. Nor could Redwood have dreamed that Selwin was my tool, that I planned his delivery into the hands of professional blacklegs who played with marked cards against him. If Selwin were here I might tutor him to play the part I have marked out for him, in the intended attack on Mrs. Norman. But again if he were here, he would certainly come into collision with Redwood, and a confession might be wrung from him that might prove an awkward affair. On the whole I care not if the painter never returns. He was an expensive tool and I have made the most of him. Mrs. Norman's fortune will assure my future. That's safely invested, while I have played a bold game in my speculations, risking my gold like a hardy gamester."

"Your carriage is waiting, Mr. Griffin," said a waiter, opening the door.

"I am all ready."

He took up his gloves and hat and then glanced at his watch.

"I shall get there before the guests assemble for the party," he thought.

The carriage soon set him down at the widow's door, and on the announcement of his name, he was shown into a small boudoir that opened into the grand *salon*. In a few moments Mrs. Norman made her appearance splendidly dressed, and gave him a very gracious reception.

"Whenever I have seen you, Mr. Griffin," she said—"you have come on business—I believe that is your element. I am glad to see you for once unbend and mingle in the gay world like one of us."

"I always endeavor, madam," answered Griffin, "to reconcile the calls of duty and pleasure. And even now, if you have a few moments to spare, I should be glad to speak to you on business."

"What! more red tape! what an occasion you have chosen!"

"There is no time like the present, and my business is urgent," said Griffin.

"Well, if it must be, it must," said the widow, pettishly. "But I must beg you to be brief."

"I will be as brief as the nature of the communication I have to make will permit."

"Well, sir, pray make a beginning, without further preamble."

"Are you sure that we are safe from intrusion here?"

"Perfectly. This is my private boudoir."

"No chance for eaves-droppers?"

"None, whatever."

"Well then. In the first place, let me congratulate you on your re-appearance in the great world. You have shown a proper respect for the memory of the general, and now you but do yourself justice in indulging in the pleasures which your fortune affords."

"Why of course, you did not suppose me inconsolable for the loss of General Norman?"

"No, madam, I was but too well acquainted with the nature of the relations subsisting between you."

"Wasn't he very cruel and suspicious towards the last?"

"Very—and you know not the extent of his ill feeling. But the way in which you speak of him emboldens me to think that you will not be disinclined to give him a successor."

"I certainly have no objection to another change of name."

"At one time I thought that Mr. Redwood was a favored suitor," said Griffin, slowly, eyeing her closely as he spoke.

"Unless you wish to offend me seriously, Mr. Griffin," said the widow, "you will never again mention that man's name in my presence."

"I certainly will not. I am glad to hear you speak of him in that tone—for he was certainly an unsuitable person to be honored with your hand. You need a partner more advanced in life—a man of experience and ability, one who knows how to manage property."

"Have you such a candidate in view?"

"I have, madam."

"Who is he?"

"Myself."

"Mr. Griffin," said the lady, "you addressed me in this style once before—and I checked you promptly and forbade your returning to the subject. Have you forgotten the lesson I gave you?"

"No, madam."

"How dare you then to repeat the offence?"

"Because circumstances have changed," answered Griffin, firmly. "Because I know more of you now than I did before—and knowledge is power—at least such knowledge as I possess."

"What can he mean?" thought the widow.

Griffin answered the thought.

"I need not advert," said he, "to the feelings with which your late husband regarded you towards the close of his life. They were those of suspicion and distrust. Weary with his protracted illness, you neglected him, and he felt it. But I will go back to matters antecedent to his death. You know very well with what ardent feelings of affection he regarded the child of his first wife. You know that it was to give a mother to her infant, as much as to gratify his admiration of your beauty, that he married you. Were you a mother to that child?"

"I do not recognize your right to put such a question to me," said the lady, haughtily.

"You can leave it unanswered then," pursued Griffin. "For I can answer it. I can tell you that, knowing he had left by will a large portion of his immense property to that child, you hated the innocent object of his love because your avaricious and ambitious spirit grasped at all."

"I will not listen, if your purpose is to insult me."

"Such is not my purpose. It is simply to show you how much I know of your affairs. Let me proceed without interruption. When the general sent away his child into the country, you corrupted the servant who had charge of him."

"Sir!"

"Hear me out. That child was to disappear. He did disappear. He was reported dead. And thus the way was clear to the inheritance of the whole fortune of your husband."

"I deny the charge you have brought against me," said the the widow, indignantly.

"It is useless," said Griffin, coldly. "I have proofs of what I aver. But your agent deceived you. The child did not die."

"You have no proof of that fact."

"Unfortunately for you, madam—I have a living proof. A young man whom I rescued from self-destruction, is the son and heir of General Percy Norman."

"His name?" gasped the widow.

"Mark Selwin."

"Ah!"

"That young man would willingly give me three quarters of his fortune if I would reinstate him in his rights. To do so would be to brand you with infamy."

"And you purpose that I shall bribe you to silence with my hand?"

"Stay, madam—the half is not yet told. I have recently made a discovery among General Norman's papers which places your fate entirely in my hands."

"What do you mean? what discovery?"

"A codicil written just before his death and properly attested. By it he bequeaths his property to various literary and charitable institutions, and strips you of all you now possess."

"You are playing on my fears," said the widow, staring wildly on the cold face of the plotter.

"Look here, then, if you require proof," said Griffin. And he drew forth a document, and unfolded it before the widow's eyes.

"Do you recognize that signature?"

She bowed assent.

"The names of those witnesses?"

She nodded again—she was unable to speak.

"This is as binding as the laws of fate. I have but to prove this codicil, and the eager claimants of your husband's property will rush forward to seize upon their prey."

"How can I avoid it?" said the wretched woman, wringing her hands.

"There is only one way of escape. I am the legal possessor of this document Now you have but to accept my hand, and on the day of our marriage, as a bridal present, I will bestow this fatal paper upon you."

"Give me time to reflect upon your proposal."

"Not an hour."

"Till to-morrow?"

"If you do not decide upon the spot, to-morrow this codicil shall be probated."

"Give me the paper and take half my fortune."

"I have named my terms. I must possess you and your fortune, or have nothing."

"Hark! my guests are gathering in the saloon. They are wondering at my absence!"

"Precisely. Accept my terms, or be a beggar to-morrow."

"I accept," gasped the widow.

"Remember," said Griffin, as, with an exultant smile, he restored the paper to his pocket—"this document will be yours on our wedding-day. And now give me your arm."

She obeyed. Griffin boldly threw the door open, and advancing into the saloon said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you, Mrs. Gerald Griffin!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DEAD LANGUAGES.

BY J. R. L. SOULE.

Many are the varying voices
To our listening ears that speak;
Some with loud articulation,
Some in whispers soft and meek—
As by outward ear or inward
They an auditory seek.

Nature in her ancient language
Holdeth conversation still;
Valley unto valley whispering,
Hill discoursing unto hill—
Laughing in the fall of waters,
Weeping with the whippoorwill.

Uttered words, and tongues that utter,
Both are destined to decay;
Time, with unresisting bosom,
Sweepeth all our works away;
Sparing in his ruthless neither
What we do, nor what we say.

Languages are not immortal—
Some are dying—some are dead,
And though once by millions spoken,
Cannot now be even read;
And their very alpha-beta
Moulders uninterpreted.

All things but the mind eternal
Are the ailment of death;
All else, seeming vital, only
Moves before the spirit's breath;
And the word by mortal spoken,
Like the mortal, perisheth.

But the dialect of passion
Owns no philologic art;
In the soul's deep oratory
Words can never have a part,
Nor the lips give true translation
To the language of the heart.

Then bestow not too much study
On the records of the wise;
But with midnight application
Learn the classics of the skies,
Holding dialogue with angels
In unspoken symphonies.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HEROINE OF BUNKER HILL.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

On the old road from Boston to Medford, there stands a lofty dwelling, whose spacious gardens and cultivated groves bespeak the presence of wealth and elegant taste. With little change from what it now is, more than seventy years it stood, overlooking the little village of Mystic on the one hand, and the panorama of hills which crowded the prospect towards the city when Gage and the British flag held compulsory dominion.

Weld House was justly celebrated as the abode of hospitality and refinement. Its owner, a West Indian by birth, claimed kindred on one side from an old English family, some of whose members had been of note in the history of the mother land. But in the veins of John Weld also flowed colonial blood, from a stock long eminent in New England for the sturdy virtues of patriotism and persevering resistance to tyranny. Thus connected, Judge Weld was influenced by two opposing forces, which combined to prevent him from open action, either for king or congress. It was not that he needed courage, wisdom, or determination, in thus remaining neutral. His course was, in a great degree, the result of such a foresight as few men of his strong predilections possessed. His prejudices were decidedly those of birth and rank. An aristocracy, governed by throne and court, and a subordinate people, obedient and submissive to their hereditary condition, were themes congenial to his habitual thought. His spirit chafed at the rebellious efforts which he deemed subversive of venerable and praiseworthy principles.

All this, however, did not prevent him from perceiving that the power of England over America was about to undergo a peril whose final result might be that of disaster and defeat, quite as possibly as that of triumph. He foresaw that, in setting himself against the patriotic tide, he would put to risk the comfort of his family to an unusual degree, in that the means of sustaining themselves in society would be instantly swept away on the event of revolutionary success. Wealth, rank and honors were very dear to John Weld, and he took such a course as, in his mind, seemed most likely to secure their retention.

Nor was the judge by any means an evil or selfish man. Determined in his opinions and his prejudices, unchangeable in his will when once his mind was fixed on a course such as he felt that prudence would approve (and he was careful to make no choice without consulting that), he nevertheless inclined, in all things, to humanity and what he considered a just regard for the rights of others. To sum up his character, he was a proud man—kindly dispositioned in many things, but always jealous of his position, ever heedful of the social respect which was his due, and a man not to be flouted with impunity, either at home or abroad. He had now been several years retired from legal office, but when he sat on the judicial bench, it had been said that no one of his compeers brought to his place such a dignity of personal bearing as was manifested by himself. There was certainly that in Judge Weld's appearance which would have impressed itself on the most insensitive observer. He possessed a noble form, features firm-set and massive, an eagle eye, and a step like that of a lord. Judge Weld was one of nature's noblemen.

To his masculine qualities, the character of his lady presented an admirable foil. In her youth she had been toasted as a belle, and years had not effaced the beauty of features which still continued attractive, although they had long failed from their lustrous rose and white. Her mind, which in early life, had been somewhat romantic in tendency, had been tempered by experience, so that without losing aught of its finer qualities, it had gained the matronly stability so desirable in that middle age which she had now attained. But her character, though modelled by circumstance, was not radically changed, and exerted on her only child an influence of which she herself was hardly conscious.

In Florence Weld, her mother's comparatively passive susceptibility was vivified by the inheritance of her father's energetic will and a goodly portion of his physical vigor. She would weep at night over a leaf of Richardson's stilted novels, or feed with eager eye on some favorite poem, and on the morn be none the less ready to push her gallant steed at a wall, or a ditch, such as few provincial beaux would have liked to attempt. To this class of admirers, indeed, Florence was for the most part an object of equal dread and admiration. She dealt not in pretty nothings—she was not beautifully weak and vapid. On the contrary, her ardent disposition rendered her too little apt at concealment of likes or dislikes—too willing to point the keen arrows of her wit against coxcombry of mind or manner. In these stirring times, when the sound of cannon and the call to arms were in all men's dreams, there were not many of the neighboring youths who chose to act the gallant's part, and bask in lady's bower; and those who did so choose, were not the ones most likely to attract her regard.

Florence, therefore, obtained the reputation of a proud, disdainful beauty, who had no intention of giving herself to a man of middle station. She aspired, so it was said, to wed with lofty rank—to join herself to splendid fortunes and a titled name. Gossip went so far, indeed, as to point out the favored suitor, who was declared to be a promising young officer belonging to one of the British regiments then stationed in Boston. Major Allerton was the son and heir of Lord Allerton, of Oxfordshire, England. He had met Florence at a ball given in Boston nearly two years before the time of our story's commencement. Strongly attracted by her beauty and piquancy of manner, the young officer procured an introduction which he lost no time in following up. His name and station readily opened to him the doors of Weld Hall, so long, at least, as he was able to avail himself of his right of entry, and the welcome which its owner right freely extended.

In the eyes of Judge Weld, a noble name, good personal appearance, wealth, a manner gentlemanly and polished almost to extreme, joined to talents not at all contemptible, certainly warranted his approbation of the young officer's evident intentions. But the major's attentions were not so well received by the daughter. As a visitant, she received him with a proper respect. She conversed with him civilly, but never unreservedly. The slightest advance, on his part, was instantly repelled by a frigidity of manner totally opposite to her usual demeanor.

At length the young officer, impatient of delay, and determined not to receive the ill omen which lurked in the maiden's ways, ventured on an open declaration of his attachment. His suit was at once declined—so decidedly, too, on his further urgency, that the humbled and incensed gallant forsook the house forthwith, hardly knowing which was more justly the object of his indignation, himself, or the capricious country girl who had presumed to reject the offers of Major Henry Allerton, the favored child of fortune, the pride of fashion's circle, whose foot had been allowed

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY L. E. GOODMAN.

When beside the streamlet musing
On the past, the golden part,
And the brilliant scenes of memory
O'er my soul come rushing fast,
Like sunbeams o'er a gloomy sea,
Then, Lizzie, then I think of thee.

When day's sweet, departing glories
On the west their foot prints leave,
And the stars, like pearly tear-drops,
Steal adown the cheek of eve,
Then sadness turns the golden key
Within the gate of memory.

When the silvery tongue of music
Holds me listening to it long,
I get dreamleg, like a Peri
Hearkening to some bright world's song,
Until my soul, unconsciously,
Gets free, and dove-like, flies to thee.

When Aurora, rosy-blushing,
Flings abroad her royal pearls,
And her banner, striped with sunlight,
In the Orient unfurls,
The sense of beauty steals o'er me,
Then, Lizzie, e'er I think of thee.

When the world grows cold and scornful,
Filling all my breast with grief,
And I feel there's none to love me—
None to give my heart relief,
Then some sweet spirit guarding me,
Directs my thoughts to think of thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FORETOP.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

We were running the longitude in the Indian Ocean, with the brisk trade wind well on the quarter, the good frigate Ackbar, under a cloud of canvass, with studding sails alow and aloft, sped swiftly onward; rolling a mass of foam beneath her bow, as she gracefully rose and fell on the gently heaving billows of that sunny sea.

The Ackbar belonged to the Hon. East India Company's service, whose ships-of-war disturb the solitude of the Bay of Bengal, the Indian Ocean, as far as the Isle of France, the China Sea and the Archipelago, adjoining; but except in time of war, rarely passing to the eastward of the "Hopeful Cape," falsely so called, so that a man by continuing in a service whose home and abiding-place is beneath an Asiatic sky, may pass an entire lifetime roaming about those far-off eastern seas, never approaching within many thousand leagues of watery waste, the quarter of the globe we are pleased to denominate civilized.

It may be supposed by some that it would be difficult to obtain a sufficiency of men who would be willing to thus cut themselves off from the world to man that service; but to those who think so, I can only say, they are not sailors, and that no amount of training will ever make them such. Your true sailor is always a poet! He possesses the poetic temperament naturally. It is that which induces him to select the sea as a profession, and his occupation and his wanderings constantly contribute to the growth of that sentiment. In speaking of a *true* sailor, I do not allude to those fresh water mariners whose knowledge of sea life is limited to what may be acquired by fiddling back and forth between this country and Europe, and such like short voyages of four or six months duration. A true sailor is he who delights to roam in deep waters; to become familiar with the antipodes; to run the longitude from the frozen regions of the far away North Pacific, down through all the zones, to the ultimate climes of the southern pole; who is not dismayed at a voyage of three, four or five years, nor discontented if a year elapse without bringing to his vision a speck of solid earth large enough to have afforded a resting-place for Noah's weary dove.

It is to such men that a sea life brings "its own exceeding great reward." It is such men who can easily be induced to join the East India service, and find for themselves a long delight in plowing the silent, mysterious seas whose surges still as of yore break upon the strand of that old, old continent, upon whose sod God "walked in the cool of the day," and whose nations flourished and grew strong and passed away, far back in the misty, dim, uncertain past, long and long before history itself was born.

But lest the reader should be led to suppose that the Hon. Company's ships are manned by a set of dreamy poets, whose marline spikes and tar buckets are used quite as often to scratch hifalutin odes to solitude and mystery, as to make a "short long splice" in a four stranded hawser, it may be as well to say, that very many men whose misdemeanors render them liable to be called upon to answer, find in the service, security, ease, and a home. But whatever may have been the operating cause that induced them to ship, you will find them all men of mark, bold and fearless, and as a general thing, each are a distinct "character."

I joined the Ackbar at Bombay, just as she was pulling out of harbor to proceed upon a cruise. Why I entered the service, matters nothing to the present sketch; even if it did, I should probably keep it to myself. Having got fairly at sea, and the hurry and bustle incident to the departure of a large ship being over, the watch were chosen, and the men appointed to their stations; mine being among that honorable body the foretop-men, who, together with the forecastle hands, are, as everybody knows, the picked men of the ship; men who have "seen the world, and round it travelled much," men to whom no art or device of *sailorizing* is unknown, who can take the weather wheel in a hurricane, pass an earing on the weather yardarm in a tempest, splice a cable (or the main brace) in the dark, train a gun, or shut themselves up in the magazine, coolly blowing the lighted match while they await the word of command to blow the ship and themselves into the air; men, in short, who, in no emergency would "do discredit to our mystery."

It is of such, that the foretop and forecastle men of every ship-of-war is constituted, and no sailor who deserves the name, feels otherwise than highly honored by being appointed to the post.

The Ackbar's foretop-men were marvels both physically and mentally. Their forms might have afforded so many models for the sculptor, and their countenance a study for the physiognomist; for it is not your pigmies either in stature or intellect, who find it convenient to turn up in that service. All of them were well worthy an extended description; but I shall confine myself at present to a brief sketch of the captain of our top.

His name was simply "captain of the foretop," he never gave any other; of his nationality, I was never able to decide, whether English or American, as upon both these points he maintained a modest reserve. His figure was a cross between a Hercules and an Apollo. His dark, handsome countenance was a very picture of manly beauty, his black, curling hair, whiskers and moustache were arranged with scrupulous care, while in his full dark eyes, bespeaking a bold and fearless spirit, there lurked a merry, half-sarcastic twinkle, which gave an exceedingly pleasant expression to his features, aided as it was by a somewhat voluptuous style of mouth, that seemed ever ready to wreath itself into a smile. His costume, like our own, consisted of the highly picturesque uniform of the service. Immaculate check breeches and frock, with flowing collar, ornamented with blue stripes, and loosely confined about the throat by an elaborate ly knotted silk handkerchief; a low-crowned straw hat, surrounded with a black ribbon, bearing the word "Ackbar" in gold letters, together with slippers, as small as circumstances would admit, and fancifully striped stockings, completed his attire. The long sharp knife which each one carried in his belt, being a matter of course; as a sailor without a knife would be like a ship without a rudder.

In conversation, our captain was particularly fascinating, except that he was at times a little too much given to exercising his talent for satire, and but that an occasional sailor-like oath caused a ripple in the otherwise smooth current of his speech, he might have passed for "the first gentleman in Europe," and a graduate of half the colleges in Christendom.

One bright moonlight night, soon after getting to sea, our watch were lounging about their elevated quarters, marking the course of the ship through the foam, or conversing in low tones about the sea and sea-going affairs; descanting eloquently upon the advantages of having the jib halyards rove after such and such a manner, or describing the number of "flying kites" that some outlandish craft carried, when the captain, who had been down on deck for some purpose, made his appearance above the rim of the top, with a cheroot in his mouth, and a bunch of the same in his hand, which he distributed among us, and after regarding us for a few minutes, with his peculiar smile, announced his intention to make us a speech. Clustering about him where he sat with his back to the mast, he thus began:

"Sailors, thieves, pirates and gentlemen! I address you in this manner because it is scarcely possible among so large a number of men belonging to this service, and not at all possible among so many foretop-men, but that each of the before-mentioned professions has a representative among you; indeed, it is more than probable that some of you combine them all in your own persons. But as it is not my wish to have you answer or name the profession to which any one may belong, I will make use of a word which shall express all that, and much more that is spoken against in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and therefore I address you as—topmates!"

A murmur of admiration arose from his listening watchmates, who could not be otherwise than impressed with his knowledge of human nature, and profound insight into sailor character. The captain acknowledged the applause with a smile, and a sly cut at his off-hand bow peculiar to him, and proceeded:

"Well, topmates, you must all be well aware that the men who enter this service—particularly foretop-men—are, as a general thing, of a class which the world's people profanely style 'hard nuts,' or 'tickets,' as the case may be, whose truthfully told histories must of necessity contain much of interest, if not of romance. I therefore consider it my duty, as your immediate superior and commanding officer, to inform you that it is customary on board the honorable company's ships, for each man to relate to his own particular messmates so much of his life's story as shall suffice to show the causes for his entering this service; with the consideration, however, that no man is obliged to criminate himself, and that he is at liberty to withhold whatever he may see fit; and, that, on the other hand, his watchmates are entirely free to believe as much or as little as they choose."

He paused, and placing his cigar between his lips, gazed serenely about him.

"Most worthy captain," began Jack Brace, respectfully touching his hat, "the words of wisdom that have issued from between your coffee coolers—which by the way, are now embracing the wrong end of that cheroot—have fallen upon our attentive ears with a sound of melody second only to that produced by the turning of stiff grog from a small-necked bottle. Now, therefore, I, Jack Brace, in behalf of my topmates, do propose that our respected captain forthwith proceed to set us a shining example, by at once commencing the initial twister."

"Ah, my friend, you have taken me by surprise," replied the captain, shifting his cigar end for end, in accordance with Jack's suggestion "In making the proposition, it did not occur to me, that I should be called upon to lead the assault; from the fact that I have experienced few, if any, of the startling incidents, the hair breadth escapes by flood and field, which probably diversify your own lives. My story is a very simple one, but such as it is, I will relate it, if such be your wish?"

We signified that it was our wish, and the captain assuming a sad and mournful tone of voice, which contrasted oddly enough with the happy, careless expression of his countenance, and the merry sparkle in his eye, proceeded as follows:

"My friends, in the man before you, you behold a blighted being, one who has been pursued through life by an evil genius. I do not mean that in a general sense I have been an unfortunate man—such is not the case; fortune in the main has used me kindly enough. That of which I complain, is a specific evil that has twisted its strand through the whole cable of my life and prevented its lying in those even and regular coils which betokens a goodly hawser. And I tell you, topmates, that this malignant and ever pursuing demon is known among men by the name of love!"

"Without intending any disrespect, captain," interposed Jack Brace, "permit me to say, that you are a fool to let *love* interfere with your course and distance, when it is regularly pricked out on the chart; and also without meaning to be in the least complimentary, I think the woman who rejected you was a still bigger fool, without taste and who bit her own nose off by the act."

"*The* woman!" ejaculated the captain, in a tone of mingled astonishment and sorrow. "Ah, my friend, you wrong me, you do indeed. Do I look like a man who could be subdued by *one* woman? No, topmates, no, your captain is not the man to turn his back upon one woman, nor a dozen. While there was any hope, I boldly faced the enemy, manfully disputing every inch of heart, until at length overpowered by numbers, I turned and fled for safety to this service, where I fondly hoped the women ceased from troubling and the sailors were at rest. I cannot well remember when or where I first contracted the disease called love. I rather incline to the opinion that it was transmitted to me by my parents like other hereditary diseases, and was in my system from birth; it did not, however, cause me any serious inconvenience until about the age of sixteen, when it broke out all over me like the measles. The immediate cause of this violent attack was a little low-necked pink frock, with which I came in contact about that time. I was at that period a cabin boy to a post captain in the British Navy—a little curly-headed, rosy-cheeked rascal, much given to fun, and to investing all my available capital in elegant articles of attire for my own personal adornment. It was probably on account of this latter trait in my character, that I was a great pet with the ladies of the captain's family, who always called me by the endearing title of 'Monkey.'

"The captain always took me with him when he went home, and as his ship belonged to the channel fleet, I may safely say that I was on shore at least eleven months out of the twelve, so that, as may readily be supposed, my duties as cabin boy were not of so laborious a nature as to seriously affect my general health, or in any way impair my constitution.

"It was on one of those visits to the captain's house, that I first saw the little low-necked pink frock before mentioned. She was the captain's youngest daughter, about my own age, and as pretty a little gipsey as ever stood in two patent leather slippers. Being of a joyous, happy disposition like myself, and again, like myself, not the least bit in the world diffident, it is not the least bit in the world to be wondered at, that we speedily became the very best of friends, spending whole days alone together, wandering over the hills and through the forest in search of flowers, and that sort of thing, or playing in the garden. Her father, so far from objecting to such a disposition of our time, was decidedly in favor of it, as it kept us both out of mischief, and was conducive to the health of the young lady. Quite a number of marvellously abbreviated months passed in this manner, and might have continued for an indefinite period, had it not happened one woful day in the garden, that, at the very moment I was placing my jacket sleeve around the waist of that little, low-necked pink frock, and giving her the ninety-ninth kiss for that morning—the captain came suddenly upon us, with a roar like unto one of those bulls of Bashan the chaplain likened us foretop-men to, in his discourse the other Sunday. Little pink frock scampered down one of the paths with the speed of a frightened rabbit, while your respected captain lost no time in getting among the branches of a moderately high tree. It would have done you good to have seen the captain storming, raving, swearing and ordering me down from my elevated perch; an order which I was too wise to obey—for he was a terrible old fellow when excited. Courts martial, hanging at the yardarm, and shooting, were among the least of the pleasant inducements he held out to my delighted imagination as a bribe, to let him only once more lay his fingers upon me; but I was deaf to his entreaties, and refused to be bribed. In his rage he even attempted to dislodge me with stones, but the awkwardness of his manœuvres was so ridiculous that I could not restrain my laughter. Although half-blinded with fury, he soon became sensible of the absurdity of his situation, and going off in the direction of the house to obtain assistance, he left me with the comfortable assurance that, immediately upon my capture, I should be sent forthwith on board the ship, then and there to receive twelve hundred dozen at the very least, as a slight foretaste of what was in store for me in the future.

"I was not at all fascinated with the prospect; accordingly, no sooner was the captain fairly out of sight, than slipping down from the tree, I set off like the wind to a spot about a mile distant in the forest, where I felt sure I should find little pink frock; for it was a wonderful little labyrinth, difficult of access to those unacquainted with the place, and to our eyes a perfectly impregnable fortress; many and many a time, in our visits to the place, had we decided that if any of the ogres, giants or griffins that we read of in books *ever did* come after us, *there* would be a safe retreat for us, where we might safely defy anything human or infernal. Arriving at the place, there sure enough, was my darling.

"'O, Monkey, Monkey!' she sobbed, throwing herself into my arms, crying and laughing at the same minute—'what *will* become of you? father will certainly skin you alive, just as he said he would.'

"'No, he wont, darling, for he wont get a chance,' I replied, stoutly.

"'What do you mean—you are not going away, surely!' she asked, with a look of alarm.

"'Yes indeed, I am, you wouldn't like to see me round here without any skin. But what will you do? your father will be angry with you, too.'

"'Poo! I should like to see him try to be,' she replied, with a smart little toss of the head, that I had seen her use with wonderful effect before, for she was a spirited little demi-woman, whose will was absolute law, and in a war of words, her father was always heartily glad to acknowledge himself vanquished, and beat a hasty retreat. But so far as shielding or retaining me at her father's house was concerned, we both felt her power would avail nothing. 'I can't let you go away from me, Monkey,' she continued, beginning to sob again; and seating herself by my side, where I had thrown myself blubbering like a great booby, she put her arms around my neck, her soft, brown curls falling over my face—'Monkey,' she said, 'my dear Monkey,'—Slew yourself, Jack, and give us a mouthful of that pigtail, my lad."

This last unsentimental paragraph was addressed to Jack Brace, who promptly handed over the desired weed, which the captain chewed for a moment in silence.

"Mighty fine tail that, where did you get it, Jack?"

"Stole it," replied Jack, sententiously.

"Good," responded the captain; "where was I?"

"With your figure head in among a lot of brown curls," said Jack.

"Ah, yes, so I was; 'Monkey,' she said, 'my dear monkey, if you go away, I will go with you, let us run away together.'

"Now, topmates, here was as fair an offer as any young gentleman could have desired, but to me it was decidedly embarrassing. Young as I was, and as much as I disliked to part from her, I had some sense, notwithstanding. In the first place, I was never overfond of running; in the next place, there was no particular locality to which we could run; and lastly, had we commenced running, and having no place to run to, we must have continued running during the remainder of our natural lives, which would have been fatiguing, to say the least. I explained the matter to her, and like a sensible girl, she understood me directly, as she also did, what I farther explained; which was, that when we parted, it must be forever; at all events, that our affection must begin to die out from that moment, for that love such as ours, and of all other young people, was purely local in its nature, and although we loved each other dearly, still, if we were deprived of all those luxuries and appliances of wealth amid which our love was born and nursed, we should pine as much for the loved and familiar *locality* as for the *person* loved, and that in poverty we should speedily become indifferent to each other. In short, that love born in wealth, would not bear transplanting, except into a soil equally rich.

"She suggested the probability of my returning after a short interval, having in the meantime made myself a lord or an admiral at the very least; but I was reluctantly compelled to discourage this fond anticipation; not from any doubt as to my own merits, but from a knowledge of the fact that there were obstacles in the way of such sudden promotion, which would require some little time to overcome, and also, that the idea of parted lovers remaining constant for "seven long years," as per story book, was simply trash and nothing else.

"Our parting, or rather leave-taking, was a remarkably protracted one, you may be sure. It would occupy a whole Dutch dog watch in recounting all the silly, sentimental things we said and did, how we put our arms about and squeezed each other, while the tears ran from us as though we had been nothing but a couple of wet sponges. She gave me a parting gift, a finger ring so small that the opening through it could with difficulty be distinguished, and half a dozen sovereigns in gold, which last I had no hesitation accepting, as it was but a trifle to her, and could she have returned with safety to the house, I should have had my pocket filled.

"'What are you going to give me to remember you by, Monkey, dear?' she asked, as I pocketed the money with a sob. I had nothing.

"'A lock of your hair?' she suggested. But a difficulty presented itself. My hair, as you perceive, is curly, and as that time it was quite short, in little bushy knots all over my head. She had no scissors, and to pull it out by the roots, would—to me, at least—have materially augmented the agony of our parting. At length a thought struck me. Pulling out my knife—a dreadfully dull one—I grabbed one of the little bunches of wool, and holding it against the trunk of a tree, sawed away with the dull blade, while my companion stood by, half crying, half laughing at the old figure I made, until at last, a handful of hair came off in my grasp. I think nothing prevented my cutting off head and all, and presenting it to her, but the conviction that she would infinitely prefer the head with the body and so forth, attached.

"The severed lock was by no means a pretty one, quite the contrary. Each particular little crisp hair—none of which were above half-an-inch in length—seemed to have a decided aversion to lying quietly by the side of the others, and the entire bunch was in imminent peril of being blown away altogether. To prevent such a catastrophe, little pink frock carefully rolled it up in a large oak leaf, and tying it with a long spear of grass, placed it in her bosom. Another mutual squeeze, more tears, a great many more kisses, and disengaging myself from her embrace, I ran hastily towards the road leading to Portsmouth.

"I may as well mention, before proceeding further, that I met her again two years after at a ball given on board one of his majesty's ships lying at Bristol. She had grown to be an elegant and bewitching young lady.

"She recognized me with a sweet smile, but as I approached with perhaps rather more enthusiasm than I was myself aware, a slight, and to others imperceptible, gesture, repulsed me as effectually as though she had been encased in a pair of cast iron corsets.

"'What a fine-looking sailor you have grown, Monkey,' she murmured, with a sweet smile.

"'Thank you,' I replied, bowing and smiling, 'you are no prettier than you were, that would be impossible.'

"'Ah, you were always a flatterer,' she returned, shaking her fan at me in a playful manner, and taking the arm of a gentleman near her, she passed on to the quarter deck, where she danced the entire evening with a rich, India merchant, to whom she was shortly after married. As for myself, I struck up a desperate flirtation with a bright-eyed little witch, with whom I fell in love directly, and think I never passed a pleasanter evening in my life.

"But to return, I reached Portsmouth late at night, hungry, unhappy, and with the cuffs of my jacket wet with the tears I had therewith rubbed from my eyes. For a time I was utterly inconsolable; I could neither think nor dream of anything beside little pink frock, and the happy hours I had spent beneath her father's roof: indeed I became so dejected that there was no knowing what terrible thing might not have befallen me, had it not been for the kindness of a pretty, rosy-cheeked, good-natured bar maid, who officiated at the public house where I put up.

"Only too glad to have a confident, I told her my story. She listened attentively, sighed, said little pink frock was a girl to be envied, and in short, she sympathized with me, not only at that moment, but she continued to sympathize with me very actively indeed during the entire six weeks that elapsed before I succeeded in getting a ship; and when at last it came to the parting moment, she privately refunded what money I had expended during my stay, gave me a mug of beer, kissed me, cried over me, snipped off another knot of my wool, said she wished I was a few years older or she a few years younger, and I left the house, almost as much in love with *two* persons as I had been with *one* upon entering it.

"But why continue the recital? I have already said that a propensity to fall in love has been my bane. Of what use to relate how Mademoiselle Mathilde, of Havre, snipped of a corner of my heart with her scissors? how Donna Maria, of Cadiz, sliced off another bit with her stiletto? how Polly of Edinburg, pierced it with her bodkin? or how Carrie, of New York, stuck a hairpin in it? It is enough that for the greater portion of my life, I suffered the pangs of alternate love and jealousy; until weary of the strife, and exhausted by the number of wounds Cupid had seen fit to inflict upon me, I resolved to quit the field of battle, own myself vanquished, and flying from the presence of the fair enemy, seek solitude, peace and happiness in this lonely service. You will perceive, topmates, how slight a thing sufices to change completely a man's whole life. But for love, who knows but that I might, instead of being in my present lowly condition as a jolly foretop-man, who knows, I say, but what at the present moment I might have been a well-dressed salesman in an Ann Street slop shop at Boston, or even the proprietor of the Bunch of Grapes, beer cellar, Lynnwood. The causes are but of trivial importance that mar such high destinies, and fill the service with foretop-men.

"I have said, my friends, that I sought the service for the purpose of avoiding the enemy. Have I been successful? Alas, no! In the city of Calcutta, there resides a widow who is possessed of half a million of rupees. We—that is to say, myself and the widow, not the rupees—have met. Need I tell you more? I feel an irresistible impulse drawing me to that city. Topmates, when I think of the widow, I feel that my doom is sealed, and I am overcome with fear and trembling. When I consider the five hundred thousand rupees, I shudder with affright. Topmates, my feelings overpower me," and the unfortunate man leaning his head back against the mast, gazed upwards towards the main truck, giving vent to his feelings by whistling in a low, plaintive tune, the much admired air, "My love she's but a lassie yet," in which performance he was speedily interrupted by the shrill call from the boatswain piping "down hammocks!" when our watch being relieved, we lost no time in descending to the 'tween decks "to sleep, perchance to dream."

The cruise of the Ackbar was a short one, and in less than a month we dropped anchor at Calcutta, where our captain of the foretop obtained his discharge from the ship, being succeeded in his command by Jack Brace. For a number of weeks we heard nothing of him, and he was gradually passing from our recollections, when one day we learned from some to the officers that he had married the widow nearly a fortnight before, and that he was to dine with the captain, on board, that very day. We, the foretop-men, were naturally quite anxious to see the fellow, now that he had become a nabob, and sported a long-tailed coat. Accordingly, we stationed ourselves at the gangway immediately upon observing the boat put off from the shore, amusing ourselves during the passage to the ship, by speculating upon the age and weight of his copper colored wife, who we made no doubt was a fat old native. What then was our surprise, to see him assist up the ladder about as lovely a specimen of femininity as you will find anywhere, between the age of twenty-six and twenty-eight. Upon reaching the deck, he at once came forward to where we were standing, and with his old familiarity offered his hand to Jack and myself.

"Is it possible *that's* the widow?" said I, pointing towards his wife who was conversing with an officer. "Why, she's the prettiest little thing I ever saw in my life."

"Didn't I tell you little pink frock, although pretty as a child, was still prettier when she became a young lady?" said the ex-captain, smiling.

"Ho! ho! Mister Nabob," exclaimed Jack Brace, "so that's your game, is it? *that* was what brought you into this service; so as to be close aboard when the little woman became a widow O, you'll do, you'll do, my lad."

"The ex captain grinned, displaying his white teeth, and was about to answer, when his wife approaching, they entered the cabin amid a volley of champagne discharges, while the writer of this true history, going to the forecastle, and seating himself on No. 1 gun, went busily to work renovating a pair of old trowsers, and pondering deeply upon the romance of life, and its changes as regards sailors in general, and captains of foretops in particular.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE IMAGE-MEN.

Our streets swarm with Italians; you may know them at a glance by their bright black eyes and their olive complexions, bearing on their heads boards loaded down with plaster images—figures of Washington, Napoleon, and the Greek Slave, heads of Daniel Webster and of Henry Clay. Their humble garments are white with the dust of plaster of Paris. They are as plentiful as hand-organ men, and their productions bear the same relation to sculpture that the hand-organ does to music. They adopt a fashionable subject and popularize it, acknowledging and propagating its success at once. The image-vender's board is a sort of portable museum. Its contents vary with the popular pulse; the idols of the crowd figure there for a moment, and then give way to some new darling of the fickle world. The ancients erected statues of brass, which wars and revolutions soon overthrew: wiser in this, we content ourselves with moulding in plaster our momentary idolatries, as if we would symbolize by the fragility of the matter the fragility of what it represents.

Alas! how many of these reputations have not enjoyed even the duration of the plaster that celebrated them! How many great men have disappeared before their busts! The image-man is a terrible judge; he records, so to speak, the sentence of the century. The popularity passed, he pitilessly breaks the mould, and the work or the man, illustrious a few days before, returns immediately into obscurity. Considered from another point of view, the image-vender has a truly important position in our modern civilization. He contributes to the spread of art, to the education, and insensibly elevates the popular taste.

When we compare the plaster heads, figures and medallions, now in circulation, to those of thirty or even twenty years ago—white rabbits and painted mandarins were then the marketable staples—we are struck with a decided progress in form and style. Really very creditable reductions of the works of Thorwaldsen, of Canova, and of Powers, are sold by these itinerant art-merchants. It is evident that the interval which separated popular art from exclusive art is every day diminishing. The coarsest lithographs, sold for a few cents, have a vague reflection of the works they copy. We see that the hand is more skilful, the eye better trained, the workman rising into the artist.

This increasing elevation in works of an inferior order is an important symptom. It proves that the plastic arts are entwining themselves more and more with our habits, and becoming domesticated; that after having been the privilege of the dwellings of the rich, they tend to become the embellishment of humbler dwellings. This is more than mere progress—it is a revolution, revealing a decided ascensive movement in the intellectual education of the greatest number. So that we view these plaster-covered missionaries of art, humble as they are, with great favor, and trust that they will never be regarded as nuisances, however far the organs and the monkeys fall under the ban; and even towards these we are not unkindly disposed.

RUSSIAN PROSPERITY.—Notwithstanding the late destructive war, it seems that Russia is in a very prosperous condition. Her harvest is a large and good one, business prospects excellent, and her serfs about to be freed. The emperor is commencing railroads in all directions to intersect his vast domain, and if England or France ever again meet her in the field, they will find her a vast deal stronger than ever before.

CANNING'S POETRY.—When Canning was challenged to find a rhyme for Juliana, he instantly wrote the following lines:

"Walking in the shady grove
With my Juliana,
For lounger I gave my love,
Ipecacuanha."

If the poetry was founded on fact, it was a sickening compliment.

EDUCATIONAL.—Means have been formed, from the funds left for the purpose, to make a large addition to Girard College, Philadelphia. When the enlargement is completed, *one thousand* pupils will be able to enjoy the benefits of Mr. Girard's munificence at once.

STOCK-JOBBING.—Louis Napoleon until very lately has encouraged stock jobbing in France. Now he is getting frightened, and denounces it severely. Well, all the weathercocks are not perched on steeples.

CHICAGO TO LIVERPOOL.—The schooner Dean Richmond lately sailed from Chicago direct to Liverpool, with a cargo of 16,000 bushels of wheat—a novel voyage!

MADAME RACHEL.—This distinguished actress proposes to pass the winter in Madeira, in hopes to regain her health. The climate of Madeira is the finest in the world.

BURGLARY.—The burglars in New York are getting unspeakably audacious. Not content with breaking into stores, they now attempt to carry off the iron safes.

EVERY ONE SAYS SO.—The best continued story ever published in The Flag of our Union is *The Gold Fiend*.

IMAGINATION.

It is a fine thing to have a fertile imagination, provided it is held in proper subjection by the reasoning faculties; provided it is a well-bitted, easy-going nag, held well in hand, and not a head-strong courser, defying snaffle and curb, and ready to run away with its rider on the slightest provocation. Halleck says:

——"A man may sit
Upon a bright throne of his own creation,
Untortured by the ghastly shapes that flit
Around the many whom exalted station
Has been stabbed by means twere pain to hint on."

No one can deny the possession of the faculty of imagination to Alexander Dumas, the great French story-teller—great, in spite of his being an unmitigated plagiarist. A curious instance of it is mentioned by an English writer, who lately paid a visit to his chateau of Monte Cristo, near Paris. "On reaching the garden," he says, "I was conducted by a small path toward what the Cerberus in charge called 'the Island of Monte Cristo.' I had seen many wonders, but this beat them all. The island—well, I should see—I looked round. I perceived neither water nor island, nor any probability of either, as we were walking up the side of a hill; but I had looked too far; I had miscalculated the extent of the territory, and taken too literally the creation of Dumas's brain—for the island was before me, separated from the ground on which we stood by a ditch about a foot broad, crossed by a plank! It is a fine thing to have a brilliant imagination; it is, indeed, a real blessing, for with such a gift the Barmecides' feast would be greater than a Lord Mayor's banquet! Monsieur Dumas seems imbued with this qualification to no ordinary extent; he sees in this minute ditch a mighty, rushing, rolling ocean—the blue Mediterranean dashing on the beach of Marseilles, for instance; in this plank, magnificent arches of marble spanning the rising waves; and on the space enclosed by the mighty breakers (in reality about a dozen yards square), no other than the island on which stands the Chateau d'If, that rocky majestic mass rising from the Mediterranean, crowned with its antique castles, within whose dungeons Dantes, alias Monte Cristo, sighed!

"When Dumas retires to the Island of Monte Cristo (only hear how grand that sounds) he is not to be disturbed on any consideration. With much solemnity the small plank—alias majestic bridge—is pompously removed, and as no mortal can traverse alive the terrific torrent flowing between the mainland of flower beds and the island of weeds, his solitude *must* be respected, and Dumas sits down peacefully to compose one of his most amusing books." But poor Dumas's imagination was a nag without a bridle, and run away with him. He really fancied that he was the Count of Monte Cristo, and possessed of the exhaustless wealth of that fabulous gentleman, and so incurred ruinous expenses, plunged deeply into debt, and is now we believe, pecuniarily, what is vulgarly termed, "used up."

NEW YORK IMPROVEMENTS.

Canal Street has lately been cut through to join Walker, thence continuing across to East Broadway, affording ready access from river to river. Duane Street, on the westerly side of the city, has been widened. Reade Street will also be widened, and both, in connection with Chambers Street extension, open a thoroughfare to Dover Street and the East River. The Bowery will be extended from Chatham to Franklin Square, giving a continuous street from Whitehall to Harlem. Franklin Street will shortly be cut through to Catherine Street, affording communication from river to river, and thereby breaking up the nest of rookeries near the Five Points, which famous locality, as the grade becomes raised, will be entirely altered in many of its loathsome features.

SADLY BEAUTIFUL.—There is a young lady in New York so dazzlingly beautiful that her guardians do not dare to allow her to go out of the house. She remains shut up at home, and is only visible to female visitors. What a blessing the small pox would be to this imprisoned belle! It should be added, that, with the "fatal gift of beauty," the young lady possesses other charms, amounting to about $300,000!

PROGRESS.—Late letters from Constantinople state that the Sultan has authorized the publication of a newspaper in the Arab language, for circulation among the inhabitants of Egypt, Syria, and other parts of his empire in which Arabic is spoken. This journal, which is to bear the title of Mirat ul Ahoal (The Mirror of the People) is to appear once a week.

AMERICAN COIN.—The director of the mint proposes that the new cent shall be 88 parts copper and 12 parts nickel. This will make a coin of a dark reddish color. It is to weigh seventy-two grains, less than half of the present cent, which is one-hundred and sixty-eight grains.

RUSSIA.—All Russia is agog, and millions of dollars are being expended for the grand fete of the coronation of Alexander at Moscow. Who's afraid? We can beat them all hollow with a Yankee Fourth of July.

GOOD IDEA.—The college boys at New Haven, Conn., are about to erect a large and well-appointed gymnasium. It is as important to cultivate the physical as the mental endowments.

BRUTALITY.—They imprisoned a man for a month at East Cambridge, lately, who was found guilty of cruelly beating his horse. Stringent, but right.

EXTENSIVE.—The telegraphic wires which intersect the various parts of the United States, are sufficiently long to extend around the world.

LOSS OF MEN.—The English *say* they lost but 20,000 men by the Russian war, but the truth is they lost nearly 50,000!

THE HARVEST.—We have an abundant one, thank Heaven, all over this prosperous land.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Cousin says that there are two forms of beauty—the beautiful and the sublime.

In Paris they are wearing white kid gloves, richly embroidered with gold.

Herman Melville, the author, has sold part of his large farm in Berkshire.

Langrange, the brilliant *prima donna*, has been successful in Canada.

An institution for idle and truant children is to be located in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poverty is the nurse of manly energy and of heaven-daring thoughts.

Fourteen medical students have recently died from severe hospital duty in New York.

There has been a large number of visitors at the White Sulpher Springs, Va.

In England our Bigelow Carpet-Weaving Machine is making a sensation.

Americans surpass Europeans in photographs, daguerreotypes and ambrotypes.

The United States is larger than the Roman empire was at its zenith.

The State of New Jersey is now being surveyed topographically.

Jenny Lind has taken a final farewell of the English stage.

Madame Stephani, a German *prima donna*, is keeping a lager bier saloon at Newport.

An artist of Cincinnati has been painting a panorama of the Bible.

Those that govern best make the least noise. Power is quiet.

A little speck of temptation soon enlarges to a thunder-cloud.

A thimbleful of powder will split a rock of forty square feet.

The national debt of England is the security of her government and nobles.

Brilliant thoughts are slow in their formation, like the diamond.

AN ACTRESS'S LOVE.

The history of the marriage of Ristori, the great Italian tragic actress, now electrifying London, is a page of romance. The London News says: "Adelaide Ristori made her first appearance on the stage at the early age of two months. Her parents were members of a strolling company of players. At twelve we find her entering into the king of Sardinia's company of actors. Here she had the advantage of excellent teaching. She rose rapidly in public estimation; visited Leghorn, where she was entirely successful, and afterwards accepted of an engagement at Rome. Here the heir of the Marquis Capranica del Grillo proposed for 'the Ristori,' but the aristocratical friends of the lover were immediately up in arms. He was shut up in the Roman States, without any power of exit, while the object of his love was obliged to depart to keep an engagement in Florence. Ristori managed to reach her lover, and they were married secretly, although they were shortly after obliged to separate. The separation was but for a short time. The husband bought a passport made out in favor of another person, effected his escape from the Roman States, and rejoined his wife in her box at Florence at the moment when she entered it, loaded with bouquets and presents, after one of her greatest theatrical triumphs."

STORY TELLING.

An English writer says: "If there is much to be rejected in the French models, there is much to be learned from them. They at least set us an excellent example in looking for subjects close at hand, and treating them with vivacity. An English story that should be as true in its pictures of life, and as rapid and vivid in its treatment, would be as good in its kind as a French story. But we must get rid of our old lazy way of setting about these matters before we can achieve such a consummation. We must shuffle off the traditional descriptions, the oppressive reflections, the sleepy dialogue, the bits of scenery which have nothing to do with the action, and all other extraneous fineries which are inserted only to show off the literary accomplishments of the author; and we must go straight to the vital interest, and keep it to the end. But the subject is a large one, and if we were to yield to its temptations, would carry us much farther than we originally intended. The few points we have hastily indicated are enough for the present."

PICCOLOMINI.—This is the name of a charming Italian *prima donna*, who has lately made a great sensation in London, as Maria in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," a character in which Jenny Lind created such a sensation before ecclesiastical exhortations, induced the Swedish nightingale to forsake the lyric stage. Punch thus mentions it: "Promotion by merit, Her Majesty's Own. Piccolomini to be *Vivandiere* of the Eleventh Regiment vice Jenny Lind retired."

SALUTATIONS.—An Englishman asks "How do you do?" with an eye to business; a Frenchman, "How do you carry yourself," because he has appearance, decoration, glory in his mind; while the Scotchman asks, "How is all with you?" his all-embracing philosophy inquiring if everything concerning you accords with the fitness or reason of things.

POOR FELLOW.—The king of Oude, whose territory the British have "absorbed," "sequestered," or "appropriated"—not annexed, O no!—is in England with his pockets full of rupees, trying to buy back his possessions!

OUR BEST SOCIETY.—Such is the amplitude of ladies dresses now that it is difficult for gentlemen to find room in any place of fashionable resort. They must hover about the out *skirts*.

RELIC.—They pretend to have dug up a printing press at Mentz, bearing the initials of Guttenberg and the date of 1441, but we, however, are a little incredulous.

AN ILLINOIS STAPLE.—Galena has exported during the last twelve months $2,000,000 worth of lead.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Gipsey's Revenge; or, The League of Guilt," a story of high and humble life, by the author of THE CONTRABANDIST.

"Bessie," verses, by M. P., JR.

"Alessandrina of Russia," a story, by FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

"Myself," poem, by WILLIE E. PARSE.

"The Little Orphan," a tale, by MARY A. LOWELL.

"The Crazy Captain," a story, by EDGAR A. FARNSWORTH.

"Shadows," verses, by L. H. F.

"Town and Country," a sketch, by ALICE C. BENTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Signorina Felicita Vestvali, the world-renowned prima donna.

Representation of the Interior of the Louvre at Paris, giving a view of the Ceiling of the Apollo Gallery; view of the Gallery itself; the Square Saloon; and the Frieze of the Hall of the Seven Chimneys.

Views in Keokuk, Iowa—first, representation of the Gas Works, Johnson Street; second, the Female Seminary, corner of Second and High Streets; third, view of the Levee; and, fourth, the Keokuk Athenæum.

Portrait of Henry W. Herbert.

Picture of the Printers' Almshouses, Wood Green, Tottenham, England.

Representation of various methods of Navigation of the Air.

** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

A daughter has been born to the emperor of Austria.

The coronation of Emperor Alexander is officially fixed for August 31st.

On the 16th ult. the Queen reviewed 14,000 Crimean troops at Aldershott camp.

The Grand Duke Michael is betrothed to the youngest sister of the Regent of Baden.

Naples letters say that signs of revolt are more frequent, and even the army is discontented.

The Emperor Nicholas is reported to have left memoirs of his reign, to be published five years hence.

An explosion recently occurred at the Cymmer coal mines, near Cardiff. One hundred and ten men were killed.

Some disturbances have occurred in Copenhagen, from Mormon preachers. The military arrested the offenders.

The Crimea has been entirely evacuated, excepting the allied ships carrying away hewn stone and iron from Sebastopol.

The crops in Southern Russia look well, from abundant rain, and the English steamers keep up communication between Constantinople and Odessa.

Hong Kong papers of May 22 report the Chinese insurrection over around Canton, but broken out again in Houan, and the insurgents held most of the cities on the Kiang Si.

Queen Victoria grants five years' exclusive privilege to Ord, Hindson & Henshaw, of Liverpool, to the guano on three islands off the south coast of Arabia, recently ceded by the Imaum of Muscat.

By a singular and accidental meeting, the widow of Marshal St. Arnaud and the widowed Lady Ellesmere are now travelling together on the continent, and are at present at the baths of Plombiere, where Napoleon III. is at present sojourning.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Never play for money—cheating is a lesson soon learned.

A great many human beings dig their graves with their teeth.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

Slander is a gift exclusively human. So little of mere animality is there in it, that it is practised only in fullest perfection by men.

The threshold of life is known by there being the number 21 on the door. Knock boldly—hold your head up—and enter "like a man."

Life is a romance which most young ladies would like to begin by reading the third volume first—as it is the one which generally contains the marriage.

There is a spiritual pulsation as well as a natural one, and a wise man therefore will be often feeling the pulse of his spirit to discover the state of his health.

Prosperity shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, whilst others it softens like wax.

If a seaman should put about every time he encountered a head wind, he wouldgever make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in the voyage of life.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study — alienated friendship soothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue.

Memory is the clothes-line of the heart, whereon the events of our life hang like dickies and handkerchiefs—those which are well-pegged on remain, but the others are carried off in the first high wind.

Joker's Budget.

A printer once described a clever clergyman as a "full-headed article with a white line after it."

It is a popular delusion to think that an editor is a public bellows, bound to puff everything and everybody that comes to see him.

A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I had rather have love without art," replied he.

A Frenchman gasconading over the inventive genius of his country, said: "We invented lace ruffles!" "Ay," said John Bull, "and we added shirts to them."

"You bachelors ought to be heavily taxed," said a lady to an old 'un. "True, ma'am," said the fogy, "bachelorism is undoubtedly a great luxury."

The woodman who "spared that tree" has run short of wood, and is almost splitting with vexation to think how green he was. He now "axes" a donation.

"Mary, I'm glad your heel has got well." "Why?" said Mary, opening wide her large blue eyes with astonishment. "O, nothing, only I see it is able to be out."

"Is them old fellows alive now?" said an urchin to his teacher. "What old persons do you mean, my dear?" "Why, Paul, and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

"Molly, I think you'll never set the river on fire," said a lady to her servant. "Indeed, I'd never be after doing anything so wicked, ma'am—I'd be burning up the little fishes," innocently replied Molly.

I met her in the sunset bright, her gingham gown was blue; her eyes that danced with pure delight were of the same dear hue. And always when the sun goes down I think of the girl in the gingham gown.

Quill and Scissors.

A driver and two horse teams were attacked by bees in Iowa, a short time since, and so badly stung that one of the horses died, and the others are not expected to live. A man who came to the driver's assistance, was also injured beyond hope of recovery.

Over fifty thousand dollars have been recently raised, chiefly in Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama and Virginia, in aid of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, located in Charleston, South Carolina.

It is said that flies were never so abundant as they are this summer. A healthy season is supposed to be the necessary deduction from the fact.

It is calculated that full three thousand fraudulent votes were given at the last election in San Francisco, through the agency of the ballot-box stuffers.

The army worm recently appeared in a field of young corn in Gallatin, Miss., and in two days not a stalk was left of the whole, which covered about twenty acres.

One virtue, at least, has been discovered in the hooped petticoat; mad dogs cannot bite the wearers. Excellent things, therefore, for summer wear!

A man has been arrested for forgery in Cincinnati, and in his trunk were found letters from numerous ladies in different places, to whom he was under promise of marriage!

Elisha E. Rice, formerly of Hallowell, Maine, but now of New York, has been appointed Commercial Agent for Japan, and has left for the scene of his labors.

The Marseilles correspondent of the London Times writes that the silk crop this year will be the worst ever known, the silk worms dying of a disease.

A Reformed Dutch church is now in the process of erection in Chicago. This will be the only edifice belonging to that denomination in that city.

John McAlear, driver of a coal cart, was arrested in Brooklyn, a short time ago, for endeavoring to pull his horse's tongue out by the roots!

Thalberg, the celebrated pianist, it is said, will arrive at New York in October next, and make a professional tour through the United States.

The Halifax Journal learns that there are near 25,000 children in Nova Scotia destitute of education—a deplorable state of affairs.

Three editors of the Whitehall Chronicle, New Jersey, have died within a year. The last victim was Benjamin B. Smith.

Marán Bryant, Esq., of Pembroke, is said to be the proprietor of fourteen cats, and spreads a table especially for their benefit.

Lieut. Maury has accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in this city next winter.

The first daily newspaper published in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was $50 per copy per annum.

The insurgents in China are making great headway, and the Flowery Emperor feels himself in a tight place.

The Crimea is now denuded of troops, and the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of war has disappeared.

The Sultan of Turkey gave a splendid entertainment to Pelissier and Codrington very recently.

A Mr. Marle of Paris is said to have discovered a way of keeping meat untainted without salt.

About $10,000 were subscribed in New York for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

Thomas Doughty, once a flourishing and popular landscape painter, lately died in New York, destitute.

Four negroes were lately burned to death, near Smithfield, Va., by the bursting of a camphene lamp.

A den of thieves has been broken up in Lancaster county, Pa., that has been in existence ten years.

A New York company is engaged in excavating the old copper mines at Southington.

A great parade of the New York Fire Department will take place on the 13th of October.

The business men of Indianapolis have organized a permanent Board of Trade.

It is stated that the apple crop of Pennsylvania will be very heavy.

The grasshoppers are devastating the country around Grass Lake.

The West India sugar crop has been very large the present season.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Samuel Merrill, of Surry, Me., to Miss Anna P. Hinkley, of Bluehill, Me.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. George B. Aikins to Miss Laura J. Erskin.

By Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. John Pettit to Miss Elizabeth Bailey.

By Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Charles Cormersis to Miss Charlotte Hammond.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Richard S. Carpenter, of Foxborough, to Miss Ann M. Creamy, of Rowley.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. John Bassett to Miss Mary E. McKeiser.

By Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. James Watkins to Miss Lucretia Orne Davis.

At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Milford J. Cole to Miss Philomela J. Cottle, of Readfield, Me.

At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John F. Dyer to Miss Helen E. Smith.

At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Charles T. Jenkins, of Boston, to Miss Josephine W. Strong.

At South Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Nahum A. Gurney, Esq., to Miss Georgia A. Graham.

At North Andover, Mr. Jacob S. Carter, of New York, to Miss Maria A. Bradley.

At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Michael Gadfney to Miss Mary Baxter.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. Samuel Collins to Mrs. Agnes Wallace.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Stephen G. Russell to Miss Hannah T. Shiverick.

At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Nathan Oscar Bilton to Miss Mary Jane Walker.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Catherine Foote, 48: James Fitzgerald, 58; George Doherty, 23; Robert Shannon, 36; Hugh McIntire, 40; William D. Stewart, 28; Miss Catherine Marks, 18; Mrs. Anna M. Keach, 23; John Sylvester Gardiner, 20; Miss Mary O'Brien, 19.

At South Boston, Mr. Daniel Weston, 65.

At Chelsea, Mr. John Breding, 44.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. Nathan H. Nutting, 27.

At West Roxbury, Mr. Thomas Bowthorpe, 66.

At Winchester, Mr. Sarah H. Cram 21.

At Woburn, Mrs. Sarah A. R. Barron, 30.

At Quincy, Mrs. Mate A. P. Beal, 63.

At Norton, Mrs. Mary Seldan, 23.

At Salem, Mrs. Lucretia Pope, 81.

At Wenham, Mr. Abraham Dodge, 3d, 41; Alphonso M. Dodge, his son, 17.

At Haverhill, Mr. Gilbert W. Howe, 27.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Margaret J. Wood, 23.

At Bellingham, Mrs. Jane Morrison, 78.

At North Bridgewater, Mrs. Catherine Whitmarsh, 57.

At Grafton, Mrs. Mary E. Wing, 37.

At Stoughton, Mr. David Packard, 35.

At New Bedford, Miss Mary E. Blain, 19.

At Barnardston, Mr. Oliver Sood, 28.

At Orange, Mr. Peter Chesley, 66.

At Chicopee Falls, Mrs. Henrietta O Stiles, 29.

At Lakeville, Mr. Lysander Pierce, 27.

At Attleborough, Mrs. Phebe Thayer, 58.

At Pawtucket, Hon. James C. Blackwell, 61.

At Chester N. H. Mr. Daniel H. Bedford, of Boston.

At Franklin, N. H., Mr. Peleg S. Burbank.

At Camden, Me., Joseph M., second son of Mr. George Bradford, of Charlestown, Mass., 18.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MONODY

On the little ones killed on the North Penn. Railroad,

BY ROBERT S. MCKAY.

A mournful sound comes o'er the land,
That tells a scene of woe;
How death stalked in a happy band,
And laid the bright ones low.

Ones who a moment were before,
With hearts so light and free,
Passed from this world, across life's shore,
And gained eternity.

'Tis mournful, O, 'tis sad to think,
Without one word to warn;
That in a moment's time life's link
Should snap, and they be gone.

But God above will give them joy,
No harm can reach them there;
For troubles sore will ne'er annoy
The ones beneath his care.

They'll stand on high in scenes of love,
And crowns of light he'll place
Upon their heads, like those above,
In endless realms of space.

And ye whose hearts are thus bereft,
Cast forth no words of wrath,
That he on high has not here left
Those dear ones round your path.

See good within this act of his,
Look up with faith's bright eye,
And say it's right, Lord, as it is,
Our loved ones are on high.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

RETRIBUTION.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"If you persist in marrying him, Mary, you shall rue it until your dying day."

"My mind is made up, Richard, and my resolution taken. Henry Marsden does not deserve your ill will, and you know it; why then persist in making us unhappy?"

"Beware, Mary, how you cross me! You know I hate him; with my whole soul I hate him, and my hatred shall extend to his wife—ay, and to his children after him!" And white with rage, the speaker rose from his chair and stood before his companion. "What is your reason for making such a choice? What can induce you to disgrace your family, by taking a miserable, beggarly artist for your husband, when you have Caroline's example to profit by, and even a better prospect than she had?"

The death-like paleness gave place to an angry flush on Mary Lassell's fair cheek, as she rose and stood before her brother.

"Would you know my reason?" she asked, her voice half choked with a sense of outraged feeling, and sounding strangely to one used to its gentle tones. "Hear it then: I shall marry Henry Marsden because I love him; I love him because he is the embodiment of all that is noble in man. I respect him; I honor him. Can Caroline say the same of Lord Ravenscourt? Could I say the same of his cousin?"

The speaker turned away; but catching her hand, Richard exclaimed with a look of demoniac rage:

"Marry him then!—and on you both may the heaviest curses light; may poverty and wretchedness be your constant companions; may your hearts be torn with anguish and your dearest hopes be crushed." And flinging her from him, Richard Lassell rushed from the room, while his sister sank fainting to the ground.

It was a sad scene. The large, gloomy room, with its old-fashioned, ancient look; the portrait of the dead mother on the wall; the figure of the youngest daughter of the house prostrate and senseless on the floor, the victim of an only brother's cruelty, that brother's curses still sounding in the room;—what bitter fruits of pride and passion!

Six-and-twenty years before the commencement of our history, the only son and heir of Sir Richard Lassell had wooed, and he thought won, the heart of a fair daughter of a proud but penniless house. Indifferent about wealth, but fascinated with the beauty and grace of the Lady Elinor, the young man gave himself up to the control of a passion as intense as it was unselfish, and proud of his conquest, hastened to introduce the old baronet to his intended daughter.

Little did Walter Lassell dream of the consequences, when with a flush of gratification, he saw his father—a very handsome man, yet in the prime of life—bow gallantly over the hand of the lovely girl, while with the eye of a connoisseur, he glanced at face and figure with a look of evident gratification. Still more pleased was Walter, when he saw his betrothed exerting herself to entertain their guest, and not until doubt was no longer possible, would he believe that under those smiles lurked deception of the cruelest kind; that she whom he had so loved was playing him false; that his hopes of happiness were at an end.

At dinner Lady Elinor appeared in the gayest spirits; she laughed, she talked, she rallied Walter and argued playfully with her father. At last the conversation changed, and "the all-powerful passion" became the theme. Some doubted its existence, some sneered at it; Walter warmly proclaimed his belief in it, Lady Elinor as warmly her incredulity.

"It is a mystery to me, even if it does exist," she exclaimed, with a laugh that sounded very strangely to her betrothed; "an unfathomable mystery, and I hate mysteries. And to show how little I believe in its influence, I would marry any one who would keep me a coach and four."

"I will take you at your word, Lady Elinor," exclaimed Sir Richard, bowing low.

The lady blushed; and Walter Lassell rose from the table and left the room. Six months after, Sir Richard led the Lady Elinor to the altar, and his son joined Lord Wellington's army on the continent.

Such a marriage could scarcely be expected to end happily. Fully aware of the mercenary motives that induced his wife to accept his hand, Sir Richard felt under no obligations to bestow on her more than the wealth she had stipulated for. This, it is true, he lavished with a prodigal hand. Lady Elinor wore the most costly dresses, adorned her beautiful figure with almost Eastern magnificence, possessed jewels a queen might have been proud to wear, had the richest liveries in London, and was the owner of a "coach and four" surpassing her most extravagant wishes; and yet Lady Elinor was not happy. Golden fetters are fetters still, and bitterly did the repentant woman contrast the misery that was with the happiness that might have been, the loving confidence of her deceived suitor with the jealous espionage of her suspicious husband. Sir Richard soon wearied of his beautiful, haughty wife, and always reminded of the treachery he had practised on his son by her presence, he gradually withdrew from her society, and when they met, scenes, the very reverse of agreeable, were sure to ensue. But when, twelve months after their marriage, the tidings came that Walter had fallen in battle, nothing could exceed the paroxysms of passionate grief into which Sir Richard was thrown. In furious language he reproached his now humbled wife with being the cause of his son's death; with the wildest despair, he called on Walter to forgive him, to come home and receive his blessing; and at last gave himself up to moody sorrow, refusing consolation, and delighting in utter solitude.

The first event that roused Sir Richard from his despair was the birth of a son, whom he welcomed with some return of his former joyousness. To Lady Elinor, also, the little Richard was a source of joy and hope, her husband having evinced more kindness after the birth of the child than he had shown for many months.

Time passed, and a daughter was added to the family; not to increase its comfort, however, for the little Elinor failed to win her father's love in the degree her brother had done; and the mother's health being in a declining state, she was sent away to the care of strangers, and Lady Elinor, unable to resist, bowed to the affliction and murmured not.

The little Richard was four years old when another daughter was added to the house of Lassell, and she, who for five wretched years had been its mistress, looked her last on earth, and was laid in the family vault beside Sir Richard's first wife. From the hour of her death, her name never passed her husband's lips. The gloomy old parlor, and the adjoining chamber in which her last days had been spent, he never entered again; and the babe for whose life she had given her own, was never allowed to come into his sight.

To superintend his household affairs and bring up his daughters, Sir Richard summoned a widowed cousin of his own, poor and hitherto neglected; but to none would he confide the education of the headstrong, passionate and evil-disposed boy, on whom all his hopes were centered.

From his infancy, young Richard was a tyrant—a terror to the servants, and the tormentor of his sisters. Petted and indulged by his doting father, while yet a child his will was law; and as years passed on, and the old baronet became feeble in mind and health, he gradually yielded up his authority into the hands of the heir, who was far from being the popular person his father had been.

Over his sisters Richard Lassell assumed complete control—not undisputed, however, for Mrs. Hayford would not calmly see the young girls she loved tyrannized over; but her remonstrances were met with insult or contempt, and the threat of having her charges removed from her care, made her cautious about rousing Richard's anger unless absolutely forced to do so.

When Caroline Lassell attracted the attention of the dissolute and libertine Lord Ravenscourt—whose mother had told him he had better marry and reform if he wished to save his life and reputation—Richard decided at once that she should marry him; but knowing from experience that the passionate and haughty girl was much more easily coaxed than forced to comply with his commands, he appealed to her love of splendor and luxury (the sins which had proved her mother's destruction), setting forth in dazzling array the numerous advantages such a position would give her, and working so forcibly on her vanity that when the noble lover made a lawful proposal, it was at once accepted, and Caroline Lassell, young, beautiful, warm-hearted and impulsive, became the wife of a dissipated man of fashion, with damaged health, clouded reputation—to say the least—and a heart incapable of one generous emotion. What then must be the consequence?

Lord Ravenscourt was rich; possibly because his fortune was so large and so strictly entailed that he could not very easily make away with it. Lady Ravenscourt, we have said, was warm-hearted and impulsive; if she bestowed affection on her husband, he was disgusted; her family were away, and to none of them was she very deeply attached; her feelings must have vent somewhere, and turned from the proper channels they took a wrong course, and Lady Ravenscourt became a dreadful flirt. Her splendid mansion was constantly filled with company, and she herself, if her conscience ever whispered that this was not the course she ought to have pursued, drowned the stings in fresh excitement.

Enough has been said in the conversation at the commencement of this story to show the position of Mary Lassell. Of very different tastes and inclinations from Caroline, she found more attraction in the humble virtues and unacknowledged talents of the obscure artist, Henry Marsden, than in all the glittering splendor that would await her as the wife of Lord Ravenscourt's cousin, and the mistress of one of the most magnificent establishments in England.

To describe Richard Lassell's rage when he learned that his sister had refused so unexceptionable an offer, would be impossible; and his feelings deepened into hatred as day after day he knew that the lovers met, that their marriage approached, and that he was powerless to prevent it. All his influence with his father proved ineffectual.

"Let them marry," said the old man, glad to get rid of a child he had never loved. "Let them marry, Dick; I don't want daughters about me any longer; and besides, your proud wife will be glad to know that the old mansion has no other mistress when she comes."

"But, father, he is poor, miserably poor; a mere adventurer; and she might have married Lord Ravenscourt's cousin, the best match in England, to-day."

"I don't like Lord Ravenscourt," said the old man, crossly. "He insulted me the last time he was here, and I shall not forget to tell him of it when he comes again, a saucy puppy. If Mary wants to marry the painter, let her. He must support her till I am gone, and then she shall have the same fortune as her sister."

"Never!" was Richard's thought as he left the room to hold that conversation with his sister, the conclusion of which we have already seen.

"Come here and sit beside me, Mary, and watch this beautiful sunset."

The young wife was bending over him in an instant; one soft hand laid on his pale brow, and her trembling fingers pressed on the feeble pulse.

"You are stronger to-night, Henry, are you not?"

"I feel better; much better than I have felt for many days. But what is the matter, darling?—you have been weeping. Has your father written to you?"

"No, Henry, my father is ill; but Richard answered my letter."

"And, as usual, has added fresh insult to the many we have already received from him."

Henry Marsden spoke angrily, and the excitement brought the fever flush to his cheek and a bright light in the sunken eye.

"My husband, you will injure yourself," exclaimed the anxious wife, as she took the upraised hand in her own, and gently drew the flushed cheek close to her bosom. "Why need we be angry with Richard? Surely, he deserves our pity. His cruelty will certainly be rewarded at some period, and from his heart he will repent of the evil he has done."

"You are right, Mary; it is not for me to say aught ill of any on earth—I who have need to make my own peace with Heaven. But for you, my precious wife, I feel deeply these cruel blows; you, whom I have robbed of every joy, whose young life I have clouded, and whom I have subjected to unnumbered insults."

"I have often asked you never to speak such desponding words, never to add to my distress by alluding to the past. What have I known of happiness in this world that is not owing to you? Has not a world of bliss been spent in the few short years of our union? And now if it please God to part us, and give you rest sooner than he wills to take me, my own, do you not leave me a precious comforter in our darling Harry?"

"You are my good angel, Mary, and our boy is and will be all you could wish him. See him now; how joyously he springs about among the flowers! Draw back the curtain, darling, and let me look at him as long as I can." And the dying father gazed with unutterable feelings on the merry sports of his beautiful child.

The last rays of the setting sun were piercing through the tall trees that sheltered the humble cottage, casting streaks of gold on flowers and child, and parents. Without, all looked brilliant and bright; within, the shadows of twilight were closing around the sick bed, and as the young wife sat in painful thought, she pictured the change a few short days might make; and not even the gay laughter of her child, who had pushed aside the clustering roses from the window, and was showing his hands full of tempting fruit, could win a smile or cheerful word.

"Would that I might hope to see my boy grow up," sighed the invalid, as he leaned wearily back in his chair and pressed his hand to his throbbing heart. "My boy, my noble boy!"

The heart-broken wife smothered her grief lest his anguish should be increased; and when, soothed by her gentle voice, he slumbered peacefully as a child, she sat patiently through the many hours, watching each breath with immovable, hopeless despair.

Such was this gentle, loving wife and mother was the object of Richard Lassell's direst hatred and dislike. Again and again he had cursed her for making so disgraceful a choice, for allying their family with that of a miserable artist, and only that day had he written the cruellest and most insulting of letters in answer to one she had sent her father, asking assistance in her fast gathering troubles for the sake of his grandchild, the beautiful boy he had never seen. Richard's answer to the touching appeal was an unmanly exultation over what he called "the beginning of her punishment." He scornfully told her that no "beggar's brat should ever have countenance or assistance from a Lassell; that she had forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family, and that in future her letters should be returned unread." It was a crushing blow to the heart of the poor anxious wife, fondly anticipating the means of restoring her husband to health.

"Italy might do much for him; here he will never be better." So said the physician, and the hope enabled Mary to conquer her pride and write home for assistance. The answer was heart-breaking, but still she did not quite despair.

"I will ask Caroline; she has thousands at her command. Surely, she cannot refuse to lend me a little." And under the influence of these feelings, she penned an affecting letter to her sister, stating her troubles, her poverty, and imploring her aid in behalf of her dying husband and innocent child.

Lady Ravenscourt sat in her boudoir late one morning after Mary had despatched her last hope. The open letter and its envelop lay in her lap, and the lady was evidently affected by what she had read. Caroline felt unusually impressible this morning. She was in trouble herself; but, unlike her sister's, the troubles were all of her own making. She contrasted Mary's despairing love for her husband with her own criminal conduct towards Lord Ravenscourt; and as she again read over the impassioned sentences, the hot tears fell fast and heavily on the open letter. "Poor Mary! she little thinks that I can only sympathise with her through my love for a stranger." The door gently unclosed, and her husband entered the room.

He started violently as he beheld his wife's tear-stained face and the letter in her hand, and advancing, sarcastically exclaimed:

"Am I not to have the privilege of reading this most touching epistle, that has so deeply affected your ladyship?"

Caroline's first impulse was to prevent his having it; but second thought induced her to put it into his outstretched hand:

"Pshaw! a begging letter," he exclaimed, after reading it over carefully. "And so that amiable brother of yours refuses to help poor little Mary and her romantic-looking, poverty-stricken husband? Very unnatural of him, I must say, but no reason in the world why she should expect us to. I have a horror of poor relations myself, and have carefully avoided making any discoveries of the kind in my own family. I should advise you to do the same, and forget that such people as the Marsdens ever existed."

Poor Caroline had had her best feelings called in play by her sister's letter, and her husband's words sounded harsh and unfeeling; she was just in that humor when a kind, loving word would have brought her humble and penitent to his arms; but Lord Ravenscourt had too long accustomed himself to treat his wife with slighting indifference, too little studied her temper to understand its workings; and now, by his sarcasms and worldly advice, he destroyed the last hope of happiness between them.

He turned to Caroline, who was still weeping, and asked her if she was not afraid of spoiling her eyes. "You ought to be careful, really. Captain Duchesne is the most fastidious man on earth, and I am convinced that one glance at your face in the state it is in at present, would destroy your power over him forever. To me, of course, it is of no consequence how you look, as no one expects a man now-a-days to admire his wife; but if you value the opinion of others, just throw that precious scrawl into the fire and try to remove the exceedingly disagreeable traces it has left. At the same time I think Mrs. Marsden evinces a most commendable regard for her husband, and sets an example you would do well to follow."

The tears were gone—the pale cheeks flushed—the slight form drawn up proudly, and the dark eyes flashing with anger.

"Mary's husband *deserves* all her regard!"

"Possibly he does," said Lord Ravenscourt, with a sneer, and purposely overlooking the implied reproach. "Possibly he does; nevertheless, I doubt much if Mary would have forgotten her duty, let his conduct be what it might."

"Where little is given little can be expected in return," said Caroline, with apparent carelessness, but real confusion. "But my time is of too much consequence to-day to be spent in idle arguments; your lordship has no particular communication to make, I must beg to be excused, as it is time to dress."

"I have a 'particular communication' to make, and must request your ladyship to bestow on me a few minutes more of your exceedingly valuable time. But first, I wish to know if Captain Duchesne is concerned in the engagements to-day?"

"Certainly he is," said Caroline, with assumed boldness; "and I am at a loss to know how that can interest any one."

"It interests *me*, Lady Ravenscourt. I had no objections to make to your amusing yourself with an innocent flirtation, or even a dozen if it so pleased you—it did no harm, and relieved me from the necessity of being always at your side; but since you have been so imprudent as to give room for unpleasant remarks, and have had the effrontery to show openly your regard for Captain Duchesne, I think it time for me to interfere, and desire you to drop his acquaintance at once."

Lord Ravenscourt paused and looked at his wife as if expecting a reply; but she sat motionless, her head bowed, her hand partly shading her face. His anger increased at her seeming indifference, and he exclaimed, passionately:

"Why do you not speak? Have you nothing to say to this charge? Are you willing to obey my orders?"

"Never!" was the answer, given in a tone of concentrated rage and shame, as the lady rose from her seat and swept out of the room.

"How is he, John? No worse, I hope?" exclaimed Richard Lassell, as he flung the reins of his smoking horses to the old servant, and springing to the ground, helped his companion to alight.

"He's alive yet, sir; but going fast, the doctor says."

"Thank fortune, we are not too late. Come, Foster, there is not a minute to lose." And then as they passed up the hall and began to ascend the wide oaken staircase, Richard paused and again addressed his companion: "You remember exactly what I said, Foster? Enough to Mary to make the will secure; not a farthing more."

"But a shilling will do that, sir," said the lawyer.

"Then a shilling be it," was the impatient answer, and the two passed on and entered the chamber of the dying man.

Two hours after, Richard abruptly entered the chamber of his wife, the proud and aristocratic Lady Julia.

Very fair and beautiful the young mother looked, as she sat surrounded by her four lovely children; even Richard stopped an instant to gaze on the happy picture, ere he addressed his wife. Julia sat on a low, softly cushioned ottoman, the folds of her delicate silk wrapper falling gracefully around her. On her lap she held her infant boy, a tiny, delicate flower, demanding all her motherly care as well as the attention of the rosy-cheeked, matronly-looking nurse, now entertaining the little twin daughters of the house of Lassell, who viewed with jealous eyes their mother's fond caresses bestowed on the brother. Stretched on the carpet, at his mother's feet, his head supported on his hand, and his whole mind absorbed in a book, lay the noble boy on whom centered the hopes and wishes of two ancient houses.

Lady Julia was herself an only child; and with almost insane joy did the old marquis, her father, welcome the grandchild, who at once put down the aspiring hopes of certain members of the family, detested by the old gentleman, yet nevertheless the next heirs to his estate should his own line become extinct by Julia's failing to give him an heir.

Richard had never been a favorite with his father-in-law until after the birth of little Richard; but that event had invested the proud father with a consequence he had never before enjoyed in the old gentleman's opinion, and henceforth "son Richard's" advice was asked, and "son Richard" was looked up to with respectful admiration.

But in giving these explanations, we have left Richard too long neglected, and must now return to where he entered his wife's apartment. He came to summon her to the death-bed of the old Sir Richard. And the old man died, and no one was near him but his dark-browed son, and that son's beautiful young wife. Where were the daughters who should have been there to receive the father's last blessing? Far away. The one all unconscious that her last parent was leaving earth; the other yielding to a sinful passion, flying from her husband and her home with her guilty paramour.

Henry Marsden had looked his last on earth. His pale widow and his precious boy might call in vain. The loved voice no longer answered their fond inquiries; the hand that once would return their loving clasp with fervent warmth, now lay crossed on the pulseless heart; and Mary felt as she looked on the insensible clay before her, that her husband was no longer there. The world looked cold and cheerless to her, and she clasped her little Harry to her heart, exclaiming, "Gone—all gone; father, and sister, and husband! My boy, my darling boy, you alone are left to comfort your heart-broken mother!"

It was a sad blow to Mrs. Marsden's hopes when her brother's lawyer came to announce the death of her father and her own unexpected poverty. "My poor old father, it was no fault of his; he would never have condemned his child to poverty!"

Mr. Foster had a message from the new Sir Richard, but so touched was he by the hopeless sadness of the widow that he hesitated to deliver it. Summoning courage at last, he said:

"Sir Richard bade me to say, madam, that this is but the fulfilment of part of his curse."

All her old pride came rushing back to Mary's heart, as taking her child by the hand, she said:

"Let him beware—I curse him not; but there are sorrows deeper than any I have yet known. Let him look to it, that the evil he has wished for me befall not himself."

Mr. Foster hastened from the house of mourning and distress, and made all speed to acquaint his patron with the success of his errand. He was admitted to the room where the new baronet was enjoying the society of his wife and children. Julia listened silently to the first part of his communication; she felt a deep interest in the discarded daughter, and to her the will had seemed both unjust and mysterious; but when the lawyer, with an anxious glance at the beautiful boy, who stood leaning on his mother's chair, and with hesitating speech repeated the widow's words, then the truth flashed on Julia's mind, and with a fearful scream, she flung her arms around her child.

In vain Sir Richard strove to pacify her, in vain he remonstrated on the folly of her conduct; she knew it all now, and the mother's words told her that for such injustice and cruelty a fearful retribution must come. And come it did, with crushing power, bending the proud hearts to the dust—humbling the haughty ones until they laid prostrate beside their shattered idols.

The babe was taken first. Calmly Julia beheld it draw its last little breath on earth; calmly she beheld it carried from her sight; and many wondered at her indifference, and all felt surprised that the little one, on whom she had bestowed so much careful love, should be so quietly parted with. But Sir Richard alone knew that her calmness was the calmness of despair, that the agonized mother strove to bear her sorrow with meekness, in the hope of averting still greater punishment. But again death entered their home, and one, and then the other of the twin sisters were taken.

The young heir alone remained, and as years passed on, and he grew in strength and beauty, even Julia dared to hope that the father's sin was expiated—that this one, their all, would be spared to her prayers.

Fourteen years have passed away, but we still find Mrs. Marsden and her son dwelling in the little secluded cottage, rendered dear to her by recollections of the past. Their home is humble, but poverty no longer threatens to overwhelm them; for in her sorest need, the widow had found kind friends and warm hearts.

An aged relative of her husband's had for many years been an inmate of their quiet home, repaying Mrs. Marsden's kindness to his little motherless and dependent grandchild by taking the place of tutor to her son. Mr. Leighton was far from rich, but his income, united with the little possessed by Mary, enabled them to live comfortably in their quiet way, and even indulge in what they considered the most precious of luxuries—books, music and flowers.

While Harry Marsden and Emily Leighton were yet children, their home was the abode of content and happiness, but at the time we resume our story, Harry had reached those years when the sports and amusements of the boy give place to the deeper feelings of the man. He no longer looked on Emily as the pet and playmate of his idle hours; but with the knowledge of his changed feelings for her, came the conviction that, in his present circumstances, to call her his own were an impossibility. Little wonder was it, then, that in secret he mourned over the wretched destiny that had condemned him to a life of poverty; for without friends or interest all hope of improving his fortune was vain.

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"Do not strive to detain me
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Mrs. Marsden looked implor
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In vain Mrs Marsden spoke words of encouragement, or his kind old instructor advise him to renew his studies, he only assumed a false cheerfulness before them.

Emily Leighton was pained at the change in her old playfellow, and unconscious of the share she herself had in it, sought incessantly to find out and relieve the sorrow. Surprising Harry one day in her favorite arbor, by her innocent entreaties to be allowed to share his grief, she won all from him; his love, his poverty, his misery. Then reproaching himself for the anguish he knew such knowledge would bring to her gentle heart, he besought her "to forgive him and forget him." But Emily possessed strong, earnest feelings, and she instantly comprehended the danger to one of Harry's ambitious nature being crushed down in hopeless poverty. It was the impulse of the moment to refuse to comply with his request to forget him, to offer to share his obscurity, and with him to face poverty, misery, anything, so that he would but be comforted. And Harry, though his honorable pride forbade his taking advantage of her unworldliness, and uniting her fate with his, listened to her, and was, as she bade him be, comforted. That night he announced his intention of leaving home.

"Do not strive to detain me, dear mother," he said, seeing that she was about to remonstrate with him. "The world is large. I am young and strong. Surely, it is not for me to spend my life here in useless inactivity."

Mrs. Marsden looked imploringly at Emily, as if to ask her also to plead with him; but kneeling at her feet, with her arms fondly twined around her, the young girl joined her entreaties to his, imploring her not to deny his request.

"Let him go, dear mama; it is best for him to go; and I will try to console you in his absence."

"One day; I must have one day to consider," exclaimed the distressed mother; and she hastened to her own room to meditate in silence and solitude on the proposed parting.

Morning came, and the little family met with saddened countenances. On Harry's open brow the knowledge of his mother's sufferings had set deep lines of care, but a glance at his face sufficed to assure that he was resolved to follow up his resolution.

Mrs Marsden was calm and deathly pale. With her the worst was over. She had resolved to part with her son, even should it be to place the ocean between them. The morning meal, usually so joyous, passed in silence; but ere they rose from the table a letter was brought in.

"From my brother!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, with an accent of astonishment, as she hastily broke the seal and glanced at the contents. Without another word, the paper fell from her hand, and she sank fainting into the arms of her son.

Deep joy that letter brought to the inmates of the cottage, yet not wholly unchecked by sorrow, for on Richard Lassell had the last blow fallen, and in an agony of grief and remorse he implored his sister to come to the bedside of his wife, now dying broken-hearted for the loss of her last earthly treasure. Not an instant was lost, and shortly Mary bent over the couch of the hitherto unknown sister.

"Your son!—where is he? I would see your son!" said the dying woman; and a messenger was despatched for Harry.

He came, and kneeling beside his aunt, listened to her last words with sincere feelings of sorrow.

It was Lady Julia's wish that he should espouse the betrothed of his cousin, a wealthy and aristocratic maiden, who had dutifully consented to her friend's arrangements before, and was equally ready to do so in this instance. But not all the charms of the young lady, either personal or pecuniary, nor even his desire to gratify his aunt's last wishes, could tempt Harry to forget or forsake his own Emily.

The poor girl passed two wretched days at the cottage in most painful uncertainty as to the changes Harry's unexpected access to fortune might bring to her.

But the third day brought a letter from her lover; the fourth, her lover himself; and Emily then learned that in his prosperity Harry could not forget her who had so willingly and unselfishly offered to share his poverty.

Lady Julia lived but a short time after the arrival of her relations; and Sir Richard, a prey to remorse, and suffering the penalty of his bad passions, soon followed her to the tomb. Six months after the death of his uncle, the young heir, now Sir Harry Marsden, brought home his beautiful young bride, and all acknowledged that never had a fairer or more lovely mistress graced the halls of Lassell.

In the happiness of her children Mrs. Marsden was repaid for all the sorrows of her early years; or if a regret at times overshadowed her calm brow, it was that he, the beloved of her girlhood, was no longer near to share her joys.

Some four or five years after her return to Lassell, Mrs. Marsden was summoned to the death-bed of a stranger in the next town. "A foreigner," the messenger said she appeared to be, and he urged the lady to hasten if she would see her ere she died.

It needed no second glance to convince Mrs. Marsden that the emaciated, death-like form, stretched on the coarse bed of a village inn, was the once gay and beautiful Caroline Ravenscourt, the elegant and extravagant mistress of a splendid mansion, the envied wife of one of the richest of England's aristocracy.

In poverty and misery Caroline had come to her old home to end a life of sin and disgrace. Long had she been banished from her husband's recollection, and when a divorce had freed him from the dishonorable connection, Lord Ravenscourt was rather rejoiced than otherwise that once more his liberty was unimpaired.

His wife died in the home of her childhood, deeply repenting the evil course she had chosen for herself, and long afterwards, when earth and all its delusions was passing away from the grasp of her husband, he understood and felt bitter remorse for the unfeeling conduct that had driven his unfortunate wife to desperation.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I WOULD NOT WIN THEE BACK AGAIN.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

I would not win thee back again,
To this poor heart of mine,
If, by a word, I could regain
Thy love, so near divine.

I would not win thee back again,
To scenes and joys once dear,
From which, thou turned in cold disdain,
Without remorse or fear.

I would not win thee back again,
From her who claims thy love;
Lest that fond heart should suffer pain,
Like to the wounded dove.

I would not win thee back again,
Though great the effort be,
Which bids my heart no more complain,
For one so false as thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I SAT in the dull, still, lonely house, long after the early dinner hour, waiting for some one to come in and break the oppressive silence. I would have welcomed anything that could have been called sound. Nothing to be heard during the long, quiet hours, but the ticking of the great clock, and louder still, the great cathedral notes of my own heart which beat so that I could hear every pulsation as it rang out the assurance that I "still lived."

Suddenly I seemed to have a desire to look on the family portraits which hung, not in a gallery, but all along the large, old fashioned staircase, and the walls of the long, dim hall. The afternoon was chilly and damp, and so dark from an approaching shower, that the large room in which I had been sitting was filled with the shadows which were thrown upward from the firelight; for even at that season, the hearth at my grandfather's was never cold.

I knew the history of all these dumb yet eloquent beings of the past, save one—for many, many hours had been spent in my childhood, wandering up and down this staircase, with my little hand enfolded in my grandfather's, whose own portrait was among them—I remember how difficult it was to associate the bent and aged form, the silver hair and sunken eyes, with the broad shoulders, bright chestnut curls and flashing orbs depicted on the canvass. It was a great mystery to my childish mind; the great mystery of nature, and though recognized by us all, is yet unsolved. This strange, mysterious principle of decay, acting upon that only which is breathing and sentient; never renewing itself, but wasting year after year, while only the *inanimate* grows fresh and green with each returning spring!

It was not to my grandfather, however, that I owed my entire knowledge of the pictured forms. That would have been too far beyond my comprehension, that *inner* history of their lives. But so much time had I spent with him there, and so intimate had I become with them, for he had always called them by their names, as though they were living beings, that it only made me yearn for a deeper revelation of their lives, as I grew to appreciate such histories.

To his daughter, a woman of strong and cultivated mind, but from some sorrow in her early life, of a somewhat melancholy, perhaps morbid tendency, I learned to fill up the outline which her father had only begun; and at fifteen, the portraits had a charm for me beyond description.

"And this is the one called Margaret," I said to my aunt, as she came in and carefully wiped the light dust from the pictures.

She turned upon me with an inquiring glance.

"How do you know?" she said, quickly.

"Because grandfather always said to that picture, 'Good morning, Margaret,' sometimes it was *dear* Margaret," I answered.

She sighed, and tried to turn the subject, but I could see that she glanced at the portrait several times, and then at me. At length she said:

"You are really getting to be a young lady, Helena! It seems so strange. You have always seemed so very childish until now! It is only this month back that I have noticed that you are as tall as I am." She paused a moment and then resumed: "I used to think that you resembled this very picture, but your mother would never allow me to say so."

I longed to ask why, but there was something about her that prevented me; especially as I had frequently noticed with wonder, that this portrait, although the best by far in the collection, both in the face itself and the artistic merit, was placed in a corner of the staircase, in a bad light, and with every appearance of neglect or want of appreciation. It was now only that I saw it to advantage; and that was because the whole staircase was darkened by the passing thunder storm, and the sky-light, at the top of the long, upper hall, blew off, and the red lightning streamed on the pictures. I had been gazing at them as I paced the hall, for in thunder showers I was ever unquiet and restless, and I was so often attracted to the "Margaret," that it was no marvel that at that moment my eyes should have been fixed on that face instead of any other.

That momentary gleam! how it electrified me; not as usual, in fear and affright, but with a new perception of its effect upon other objects. I had seen "Margaret" as I should never, probably, see her again. I never thought of the rain that streamed down in torrents through the open aperture above me. I scarcely heard Aunt Esther, who was calling "Helena!" at the very top of her shrill voice, and whom I saw, as I looked up, busy with tubs and pails to catch the inundation.

I only watched for another gleam, and I did not watch altogether in vain; but the second was a pale, white streak that gave a strange beauty, too mournful to make me wish for it again; and I ran into my room, shut the door, and threw myself on the bed while tears flowed fast from my eyes.

Aunt Esther came bustling in, started from her usual moody state by the passing storm. "Mercy, Helena!" she exclaimed, in a voice that came sharp and ringing to my ear, "why *don't* you come and help *us stop the rain!*"

I laughed outright through my tears. "*Can* you stop it, aunty?" said I.

She caught sight of the glitter on my wet cheek, and was checked in a moment from the almost angry word she was about to utter. "My poor child," she said, "you are really frightened; lie still, dear, and I will come to you as soon as the man gets the sky-light closed again."

When, half an hour later, she came to my bedside, I was just waking from a dream, in which Aunt Esther was standing on the edge of the roof, in the act of throwing "Margaret," into a large cistern in the street, and I was holding out my hands to break its fall.

"Don't throw it, aunty!" I screamed out to her, and awoke to see her covering me with a warm blanket, for she saw that I was chilled and trembling.

"Now, aunt, tell me about that picture. I have seen it by this lightning, as I shall never see it again; and I want to know its history."

She made some feint of not being willing, but I do believe that she was dying to relate it to me. The shower was not yet over. It was now nearly dark, and the low, black clouds still came rolling upwards, and the long, muttering sounds of the thunder were still heard, and a sharp flash of lightning came, making me wish that I could again gaze on the picture. But the sky-light was replaced, and the heavy boards were nailed down over it more securely; for no one in that house ever thought of keeping it open to light the pictures below it.

Aunt Esther placed herself in the large flowered easy-chair, which had been my dear mother's when she was living. Her tall, thin, prim figure rose up straight and perpendicular, and her long, meagre hands were folded on her lap. Her hair was folded plainly over her forehead, and was still, in some places, dark and glossy, but just above the temples, there were two large spots of silvery whiteness, that looked as if two snow-hands had been pressed there to hide some aching beneath.

"I do not know that I can tell you all that you wish to know, Helena," she at length said "There is little use of recalling memories that are so sad as this; and you are too young to understand all the bearing of this unfortunate history; but your curiosity is now excited and I will gratify it."

My heart beat high with expectation. I had *read* many romantic tales—but here was one that could actually be told by lips—something, too, that was connected with mystery, or my family, at least, and I experienced a new and delightful sensation. Aunt Esther seemed raised and glorified to me, as she sat there, because she was about to become to me that genius of romance, or at least, that was the half defined idea that I was unconsciously tracing out in my mind.

I cannot give any idea of it in my aunt's language, for so fearful was she of approaching it too nearly, so vaguely did she talk of persons and subjects in connection with it, and so often did I question her of matters without which being explained I could not grasp any meaning to her words, that I prefer telling it in my own abrupt and blunt way.

Margaret, then, was the sister of my grandfather, the only and idolized daughter of the family, the pet of four or five brothers all older than herself; the graceful, beautiful, accomplished representative of the female part of the Greenwood household.

That she should be petted and idolized was not strange, for no lovelier being had ever dawned upon humanity, no brighter, happier impersonation of youth, intellect and graceful beauty ever beamed upon a household, than Margaret Greenwood.

All that wealth could procure, was lavished upon her enjoyment; all that love could devise, was poured out like water at her feet. Throughout the household, Margaret's comfort and happiness were the engrossing themes. In trifles, as in things of magnitude, there was a positive passion to minister to her gratification. Not a dress did she hang upon her dainty little person, that was not imported especially for her use. Not an ornament graced her, that ever saw the light of an American jewel case. Copley painted her, it was true; but Copley was the prince of portrait painters at that period, and his pictures will ever be recognized as perfect in their individual expression; possessing an inimitable charm of attitude, an indescribable beauty of coloring, and though last not least, an adaptation of costume, combining the richest material with the most faultless simplicity in its shaping; re-producing only those classic models of drapery which are ever new and beautiful. There are few families which would not like to boast of ancestral paintings from the hand of Lord Lyndhurst's father.

Well, Margaret's *husband* must be imported, too; and when Walter Greenwood (my grandfather) returned from Edinburg, where he had finished his education, he brought with him young Leonard Bruce; and at sixteen, Margaret was betrothed to him. Never was a more perfect match to all appearance. Both were surpassingly handsome, both highly intellectual. Each had a certain individuality of look, character, expression, so different from all others around them, and so well in keeping with each other. *And yet Margaret did not love him.* She was blinded to her own true feelings, by the state of things around her. His sudden and evident admiration; her brother's enthusiastic friendship for him; the interest which he excited in all who saw him, gave a sort of blind compulsion to her conduct in consenting to become his wife, and she tacitly allowed the preparations for her marriage to proceed. It was celebrated with all the parade which could be brought to bear upon it; and envy itself admired what it did not dare to depreciate.

Margaret was queenly in her marriage robes; but her eye did not once turn with a confiding glance to the noble figure by her side. There was an element plainly wanting, which when present, sanctifies the simplest bridal—Absent, the grandest ceremonial sinks into a falsehood.

It was a heavy stroke to the family when they found that Leonard Bruce was determined to take his wife to Scotland. They had never dreamed of it. Walter Greenwood had always supposed that he would settle in America, for Leonard had always favored the supposition. But after a few months of journeying, and a corresponding time of rest and enjoyment, he languished for his native hills, and before the autumn had ripened its golden grain, they were on their way to Scotland.

A few short letters from Margaret told them from time to time, of her prosperity, of the beauty of her Scottish home, of the sweet, poetic associations which it recalled and strengthened; but never of her happiness. Children were born in that home, whom she described with all the intensity of a mother's deep, unfailing, earnest devotion; but for the father and husband, no word had ever been written, except in the most casual and indifferent manner. After a few years, there was an evident bitterness and even contemptuousness in her slight references to him, which could not but pain those who loved her. Walter resolved to visit her, and after a few months' absence, he too returned, sad, and evidently distressed, but inexorably silent as to his sister's appearance, or apparent state of mind. Loving his sister as he did, it was not possible that he could still his troubled heart while there was a shadow over her; and finding it impossible to forbear showing some, at least, of his real feelings at home, he went to England.

He was crossing the Channel from Dover to Calais, when he observed two figures on board, one of which reminded him of Margaret. The lady was evidently disguised, for various unnecessary mufflings shrouded her person and her face was enveloped in a thick veil; but the graceful turn of her head could not be concealed, and that was Margaret's. Walter almost fainted, but in a moment he laughed at himself for his absurd fears, and withdrew without having been seen.

A second time he saw them, and she was leaning on the arm of her companion and evidently weeping. Her hand pressed to her eyes, outside of her thick veil, looked so much like his sister's! And yet again he suffered himself to be in the presence of this mysterious group, without ascertaining if he knew them.

But this man! what could he have in common with his gentle sister Margaret? It was true, there was a degree of gentleness in his evident care of her, in his attempts to hush her tears, in the gentle folding of his arm about her waist, as if to protect her; but as he rose to his feet to order water to be brought her, Walter saw that he was one of those tall, gaunt, stern looking men, such as are rarely seen at their full height and somewhat coarse and massive frames, except in Scotland. What could *he* be to Margaret Bruce?

Walter attributed his own fancies to his disturbed feelings about Margaret. His ideas were all the more unpleasant, because he could give them no form. His picture of Margaret's life had not risen into any shape, but a dim, foreboding consciousness of evil filled his mind; and when he landed in Calais, he was nervous, worried and exhausted by his own vague and restless emotions.

A few weeks in Paris had a sedative effect upon his mind. The thoughtless, careless gaiety of the Parisians infected him also, and with youth, health and wealth to enjoy, he became the life of the circles in which he moved.

One night, at a masked ball, he experienced a renewal of his uneasiness, at the sight of a figure whose height reminded him of the Scotchman. Again beside him was the lady whose motions had seemed so much like Margaret's, and again he saw her hand. It was like his sister's, and had the same shell-shaped nails which in hers had been so often admired. There was not a single jewel upon it, not even a circlet of plain gold, but high up on her arm, as it was revealed by the falling back of the sleeve, was a broad band of gold, so pure and fine that it needed no clasp to retain it in its place. Walter remembered that he had folded just such a band around his sister's arm on the night of her marriage, and she had playfully promised him that it should be always worn.

Himself closely concealed by his mask, he availed himself of her companion's momentary absence to address her in English. His first accents seemed to penetrate her to the heart, for she uttered a faint shriek and fell to the floor. A dense crowd thickened about her, effectually barring the entrance of the tall figure which stood by the door. He had apparently no apprehension that the lady who was fainting was his companion, and he made no attempt to pass. Had he done so, it would not have been easy to prevent him, for his powerful frame could have forced a way through the crowd of agile and slender Parisians, with small effort on his part. Walter tore off the lady's mask, and the long, beautiful hair fell down in rippling waves below her waist It was Margaret! Without waiting for her to revive, he took her in his arms, bore her, unresisted, to the street, and placed her in the first carriage that offered. She did not awake from that death like swoon until she was carried to a chamber; and then she revived to see only Walter. He forbore to question her then, but waited until she was fully restored, and a violent burst of grief had relieved her. Then she sat in calmness until he should speak to her. She did not dare to ask him a question, but her eyes watched the door, as if she expected some one to enter.

"He will never come, Margaret, you will never see him more," said Walter; "or if he indeed should enter here, I would kill him upon the threshold."

Margaret shuddered; and then she rose from the bed, and falling on her knees before her brother, she faltered out her long, sad confession, her penitence and her sorrow. They were words that burned into that fond and proud brother's heart most deeply, but they were never again uttered by her, to any human being, and never repeated by him. He crossed the seas again, with the wreck of what was his sister, and bore her to his home once more. Leonard Bruce and his children were there! He could not bear the solitude of his desecrated home, and he had come to leave his little ones with those who would love them, and then to become a wanderer.

Margaret was dying. It was touching to witness her meeting with her children; but to Leonard, she was impenetrably silent. Melted by her sufferings; by the approach of her death which seemed now so inevitable; by the love he had lavished on her and could not now subdue; by the perfect, the wondrous beauty which stole over her face, he poured out his forgiveness and his assurance of his returned affection. She heard him, and turning her eyes to the wall, she uttered a single word—"Hector." It was the last.

Leonard Bruce and Walter left the country again together, and wandered in foreign lands for two years. When they returned, the children were transferred to their father's care again, for Margaret's parents no longer lived; and he had brought home to them a second mother; an English girl, poor, of simple habits, and only beautiful because she was sweet-tempered and unassuming; and to her watchful and tender love, the orphans owed unutterable but deeply felt thanks. Her picture hangs on the staircase beside that of her husband. I have only one thing more to add. My quiet, melancholy, sober Aunt Esther, was the daughter of Margaret Bruce!

TRAVELLING COCKNEY NONPLUSSED.

Our friend, Judge W——, of Broome, is not only an American patriot in feeling, who loves his country, but a wag of the first water—and ill betides the man who engages in a badinage-encounter with him—as a certain pompous Englishman, who was a fellow passenger with him recently on the Central Railroad cars, found out somewhat to his cost. He had the bad taste to declaim in a loud voice against the beautiful country through which he was passing, and to criticise our manners, customs, etc., in the public railroad car. He presently embroiled himself with our friend.

"It is most hastonishing, sir, to a Hinglish gentleman to find the pronunciation of the Hinglish longwidge so defective in this kentry. Heven propaw names, as of pur-e sons, pe-laces, end the like, you invariably pronounce wrong; for example: You mentioned a moment ago to your friend, speaking of the war in the East, the Cri-me-ah. Now it is *not* the Cri-me-ah, but the *Crim*-eah."

"Ah! well," said the judge, "*after* all, the name of a place is variously pronounced. We have just passed through the lovely village of Canandaigua. It is variously called Canandargua, Canandawgu, and Can-an-da-gua. And so of Onondaga County, upon which we are about to enter. But it is different with *you*. It is not only the names of *places* which you mispronounce. In this country we call a horse a *horse*, but you call it a '*norse*;' and you think that a man who don't know what a *norse* is, must be a *hass*!"

A laugh "like the neighing of all Tattersall's," at this sally, rang through the cars, and our Hinglishman suddenly "dried up," and never opened his lips again until the train arrived, late at night, at Albany.—*Knickerbocker.*

A THEATRICAL CRITIC.

Sitting in a barber's shop the other evening, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle, we overheard a conversation, something like the following, between two knights of the razor.

"Bob, has you been to the theatre to see Jim Murdock?"

"I haven't been to any place else."

"And what do you think of him? Is he as great as dey say he is?"

"To tell you the real truf, Sam, I was disappinted. Jim Murdock is a party good actor, but he is too much like Bill Macready—he doesn't holler half loud enough, and he aint got no voice. Give me ole Guss Addams; he kin make a noise, and when he howls in Virginius, he has me across de back. Ned Forrest kin beat Guss. Nobody's got no right to play when Ned's about. He lays them all out cold. His Otello hit me hard. I've been thinking about him ever since, and the last time he was that big Ingun in Matymory, he just lifted me off my seat, and when he got through I turns round to my gal, and says I, 'Lubbly Fan, Ned Forrest *kin take all my old clothes*.'"

SINGULAR INTERPOSITION.

A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden and jumped with it in her mouth upon the table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favorite, and turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury.—*Salem Register.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MR. JINX.

BY MARY.

Aristides, Aristides, we've waited long in vain,
Within the columns of "The Flag" to read your name again;
With eager hand each Wednesday eve we turn its pages o'er,
And wonder that therein we find your "articles" no more.

Has Pogwash City been submerged beneath oblivion's waters?
Is Grummet's merry mansion shut, and married all his daughters?
Are there no pic-nic parties now? no riding, boating, skating?
No accidents by field or flood, all worthy the narrating?

No flirting at the seaside, or at the country ball,
With city belles, or village girls? no flirting now at all?
No sudden flights by earliest trains back to the city's din,
When valiant Jinx and Tompkin's bold had both been "taken in?"

Ah no! since you're been a married man we hear no more of thee,
Your pen seems hung like Jewish harps upon the willow tree.
Does Mrs. Jinx, your loving spouse, object to your revealings,
Of old time follies, scrapes, and pains, your bachelor proceedings?

Does she with woman's spite insist that you shall cease your song?
If so we hope you'll write yourself a widower ere long.
Our woman's heart, 'tis true, might grieve, were that to give you pain,
But woman's selfishness repents, your loss would be our gain.

We have no doubt they miss you now from haunts of single men,
And let them miss Aristides, we cannot miss your pen;
If gray goose quill it must not blunt, if steel it must not rust—
Be lenient, O Aristides! Aristides be just!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DESERTER.

BY WILLIAM H. OLIVER.

"LOOK, Paul! how the baby is trying to have you play with him! Cheer up, dearest! It cannot be long, now, before you are released. Do not give way to despair, now that there is a gleam of hope."

"Hope, Cecile? What hope is there for me? None. Do not deceive yourself with this idea. No, my life will be spent in this gloomy prison, and you—young, beautiful, accomplished and good as you are—you will be only a prisoner's wife! Poor Cecile! and have I brought you to this?"

"O cease, cease, Paul! you shall not look any more upon the dark side of the picture. Look on the bright side, dearest, for as true as there is justice or humanity upon the earth, so truly you shall be free once more."

"You are an angel, Cecile, but you are deceiving yourself, and you would deceive me too, kind and good as you are. But the chain has worn its links too deeply into my soul, even for you to heal the wounds it has made. Is it not hard, Cecile, that here in the very flush and vigor of manhood, I should be cut off from the green fields and laughing earth, and even from you, sweet love, except for the few brief moments which you can give me in this terrible place? And our boy, too? O, Cecile, must our boy grow up with the conscious shame of being the son of a deserter?"

Cecile sighed. She had used every argument which her woman's heart suggested, to induce Paul to be patient and meek under his imprisonment. She—the feeble woman—had to put on the man's bravery, for alas! Paul was here powerless to exert it.

At the cannon's mouth Paul La Valliero had won glory and honor; in the tented field no one ever saw him turn from the sharpest conflict or the most terrible danger; and only once had he swerved from the duty which he owed to his sovereign and his country. On the eve of impending battle, he had imprudently absented himself from the camp, though a stranger which he believed could not be detected, to pass an hour with his wife and child. A terrible foreboding had been at his heart, that he should not survive this battle. Under this impression, he could not resist the opportunity unwittingly afforded him by the guard, and he fell into the temptation.

Wearied by his long and tollsome walk beyond the outskirts of the city, he fell asleep on the shoulder of Cecile; and she, unconscious that his honor was involved, was innocently rejoicing in his long and deep repose, when a guard of soldiers entered and tore him from her sheltering arms. They had missed him from the camp, and tracked him hither, and now bore him in inglorious capture from her sight.

From that moment of disgrace, Paul had drooped. Cecile had claimed the privilege of admission as often as possible, and always with little Paul in her arms. These visits alone prevented him from becoming absolutely prostrated, and, indeed, there were times when the poor prisoner would have rejoiced, if he could have prevailed on her to furnish him with the means of taking a life so irretrievably disgraced as he felt his own to be.

Hope, Cecile could scarcely bestow on him conscientiously. She had made herself acquainted, immediately after his arrest, with all the particulars of the dreadful penalty of desertion. She knew that, subjected as he must be to the severe forms of a court martial, his sentence would be death alone. She felt that even now he would have been no longer a breathing man, had not the battle been so nearly impending, and the poor deserter forgotten for awhile, only to meet his fate when the smoke and din should have passed away.

Her presence could scarcely bring a gleam of sunshine into that dreary place. He felt that his beautiful Cecile was degraded by the contact which was inevitable to her coming among the low and vicious occupants of the guard-room, outside the place where he was confined, and it pained him to see the bright face of his boy in that dismal place. He was thankful that he was not yet old enough to take in the consciousness that his father was a deserter.

Cecile always found him sitting in the darkest corner of his dark room, with his face bowed upon his hands, and his whole figure bent down in that hopeless, dejected attitude that marks despair. Out of this state, it was with difficulty that poor Cecile could rouse him, and then only to relapse again into gloom and despondency.

Painful indeed were these visits to the devoted wife. Those who saw her threading her way, sometimes through rain and mud, with the heavy child on her arm, could but wonder at the spirit that kept her up so bravely; but in reality, she was only gathering up a false courage into her looks, to meet her husband, when the heart within her was sinking almost to his own state of despair.

"Let me take care of the child for you today," said an old English woman, who occupied a room next to Cecile's. "It is folly for you, when you are sinking into the earth with grief and fatigue, to carry the little fellow. I will engage to take good care of him, and you will be fresh and bright when you get there." And Cecile, remembering that Paul had not showed any joy at seeing him, but rather seemed annoyed, gladly accepted Mrs. Masterton's kind offer, and kissing little Paul, she set off with lighter tread, at least, if not with lighter heart.

The stern guard opened the door with more than his usual ungracious look and manner. The dull room looked darker and dingier than ever, and Paul sat in his accustomed place, his hands falling listlessly down before him, and as if abandoned to utter misery.

Silently the good Cecile took her seat by his side, folded the cold hands in her own, wiped away the half sad, half sullen tears from her eyes, and tried anew every winning art, to lure him from the deep despondency which he exhibited.

"Poor Cecile!" he kept murmuring, "how sadly are your young hopes blasted!"

"Nay, Paul, you must not talk thus! Do I not know that, even if the emperor will not grant my prayer, the good Josephine will intercede for me, and they say that he cannot resist his beautiful empress. And O, Paul, I met her in her carriage this morning, and she was bowing to the people so graciously! and I longed then to throw myself at her feet, or beside her carriage wheels, and beg the precious boon of release for you."

"Do not buoy yourself up with these false hopes, Cecile, they must end only in disappointment. Look the fate that awaits me directly in the face, and accustom yourself to its hideous features. I am a doomed man! and O, what will become of you, when I am gone?"

"Nay, do not talk so, my friend. We shall be happy yet—believe me. Perhaps you will be banished, and instead of living here, we may be obliged to dwell far away from here; but of what consequence will that be? We shall have each other and little Paul; and we will have a garden; and if we are only well, it will be a paradise to us, after these days of weary and sorrowful watching."

"Your picture is very sweet, my Cecile, but it is an illusion, and you must hold it no longer. Yes, it *would* be sweet to live thus with you—but not out of France. No, Cecile! life and freedom would neither be life nor freedom to me, if I were banished from thee, O land of my birth and of my idolatry!"

In words like these, the hours of the morning were away, and Cecile had the satisfaction of seeing Paul look a little less sad and despondent than she found him. The surly guard let her out, as usual. Outside the walls the sunshine looked brighter and clearer, from being so long within, and insensibly she borrowed a pleasant augury from the cheerful influence, coming as it did upon the hopes which she had unconsciously been raising in her own soul, while trying to instil them into Paul's.

"Freedom for my husband! Life and freedom for the father of my child!" she uttered almost aloud, as her light foot trod the way towards the gates. "I will die at the feet of the empress, if she will not intercede for me."

Turning a short corner, she ran accidentally against a little trim figure, almost throwing it down in her wild, reckless walk. The shock was over in a moment, but the recognition was mutual. "Marie!" "Cecile!" burst from their lips; and in a moment the two were locked in a close embrace. Marie Brinville was Cecile's cousin; but she had never seen her since her marriage. Marie had been employed in some small way about the court, as assistant to another relative, and this had kept them constantly apart.

She explained to Cecile, that she was now on a secret errand for her relative, and disguised in the plain, cheap attire of a grisette, had managed to elude the vigilance of the attendants, had delivered her message, and now had a few minutes to spare to her cousin Cecile, whom she was delighted to see, after so long a separation.

The little girl was excessively shocked that Cecile had so sad a story to tell, and promised to see her again to comfort her in her affliction. She even offered to go with her some day, when she could elude Madame Brinville's vigilance, and see Paul; but Cecile knowing his present mood, was obliged to decline this.

"Never mind," said the good natured demoiselle; "perhaps I will do as much good by staying away." And the little thing curtseied and bowed herself off in true court style, leaving Cecile almost distracted that she had not questioned her about the best way of getting at the ear of the empress.

She stood several minutes after Marie had left her, regardless of the notice she was attracting from the passers-by, until she heard a voice say:

"That is the wife of La Valliere!"

"La Valliere!" said his companion. "Who is he? The name sounds noble, but the wife looks like the *canaille*, except that her gait is so proud."

"Well, he is descended from a noble family, but accepted a subordinate station in the army, deserted to visit his wife, and is now under guard. She passes here every other day, and until now, has always carried her child in her arms. Pauvre La Valliere! I remember how the pride of his old father, now dead, was hurt, when his son married Cecile Brinville. He thought the last blow to his cherished aristocracy was struck."

"And yet she walks like an empress herself!" were the last words that the clear air floated back to Cecile.

She hurried on, and soon reached her home, where the good English woman was taking excellent care of little Paul.

"Depend upon it," said Mrs. Masterton, when she related to her the events of the day, "depend upon it, that little Marie has it in her power to do something for you. Why did not you appoint a meeting with her again?"

"Why, indeed!" said poor Cecile, sadly. "It seems as if I have lost all the sharpness of my senses, since Paul has been taken from me, or else that I have to expend them all on him, to make him contented at all with his situation."

"Well now, my dear, remember that I will nurse little Paul as often as you wish, to give you an opportunity to go out and meet Marie, or do anything, in short, that will seem to be needed to bring about this one result. We have an English motto, 'hope on—hope ever,' which you must take for your guide."

Cecile murmured her thanks, and the next day she went out again, hoping to meet Marie. She caught a glimpse of her light figure, as she disappeared into the door of a house from which she came the day before, and resolved to wait for her. As she came out, she joined her.

"Well, here I am again, Cecile," she exclaimed, "and you may know that the empress is gone, or I should not have been out. The emperor sent for her to meet him on the road, and my aunt took advantage of her temporary absence to conclude the bargain which she began yesterday."

"And does your aunt have the ear of our most gracious empress?" asked Cecile, innocently.

"Indeed, no! Everything goes by grade at court, my dear Cecile. My aunt has the ear of the lady just above her, and she has the ear of the next higher, and so we mount by a ladder or pair of stairs, up to the empress."

"I understand that," said Cecile.

"But why did you ask? Can I do anything for you?"

"How can you ask that, Cousin Marie, when you know that Paul is likely to be brought out into the public square and shot as a deserter, unless some one procures his pardon?"

"Indeed, are things so hard with you, Cecile? Well, now I promise to step on the first round of this ladder for you, and may God speed all the rest who can and will mount higher. Hope, Cecile, and you may yet see your husband free!"

"Hope! hope! so they all say. And I say so, too, to Paul, but he does not believe me; and, God help me, I hardly dare to trust it for a moment myself."

She sped back to her child and the old lady, whom she now entreated to take up her abode with her altogether; and throwing open the folding-door that separated their rooms, they made but one family, of which Cecile was the provider and Mrs. Masterton chief mistress. Thus Cecile found more time to confer with Marie, which she was determined to do, although feeling painfully that while this slow process was going on, Paul might suddenly receive his death warrant.

The little demoiselle had not forgotten her. She watched for her at the same place every morning, and rejoiced her with the tidings that she had conferred with her aunt and her aunt's still higher friend, and that she had some little hope of succeeding.

"Shall I, or shall I not impart this to Paul?" she asked Marie. "Will it do to raise hopes that may be blasted at once?"

"O, tell him—tell him, to be sure," said the lively girl. "Never keep anything that is at all good to yourself."

So Cecile imparted what hope she could, and Paul received it with some little interest.

"What did Marie Brinville want of you, last night?" said one of the court ladies to her companion, the next morning.

"O, I sent for her to tell me a story which her stupid aunt was trying to tell me about a deserter. So the little one came, and she really interested me in her statement. I asked her to bring the soldier's wife to me."

"And did she?"

"She is coming this evening. Will you be present? They say she is very handsome, and altogether above a mere common person."

"I shall like it. Will there be any hope for her husband?"

"Perhaps so. I do not know."

That evening, Cecile entered the palace, Marie took her to Madame La Borde's room, and left her there. Her appearance interested the two ladies greatly, and they promised all that was in their power.

What they did, or how the attention of Josephine was awakened, or by whom, we know not—for in three days all France was in commotion; but before the emperor had embraced her for the last time, previous to leaving her, he placed an order of release for Paul La Valliere in her hand, and as he passed out of the door, Cecile was kneeling on the threshold with her infant in her arms. The sight of the infant touched Napoleon's heart.

"The meanest soldier in France is richer than its emperor," he murmured, as he stooped down and put a token in the child's chubby hand.

"God bless you, sire," faintly whispered the choked voice of the mother.

The next time Josephine met Napoleon, he had already mentally signed the death warrant of her happiness! * * *

It is a brilliant sunset hour. Even the dim, dingy guard-room has a narrow ray casting across it from a chink in the door which the soldier has opened just wide enough to admit a part of his own tall, thin figure. One of his hands grasps the corner of a paper which is held out to him to read, but not relinquished from another hand that holds it still stronger, although a weak woman's.

The little child has fallen asleep on one shoulder of the mother, while the husband, overcome with the news, droops his pale face upon the other. One of her arms encircles the neck of the drooping figure, the other holds the child in its serene and unconscious repose.

The broad white forehead of the woman catches the gleam of light from the open door, and where before there was only hope on that brow, joy sits triumphant, and shines forth from the clear, calm, untroubled eyes. Still holding the paper, the soldier stands erect and motionless, until his eye takes in every word of the order for the release of Paul La Valliere, until he reaches the two last:—"Signed. NAPOLEON."

SAGACITY OF THE BEAR.

Several anecdotes which were related to me by our guide, concerning the habits of the black bear, would seem to entitle him to a higher position in the scale of animal instinct and sagacity than that of almost any other quadruped. For instance, he says that before making his bed to lie down, the animal invariably goes several hundred yards with the wind, at a distance from his track. Should an enemy now come upon his track, he must approach him with the wind; and with the bear's keen sense of smell, he is almost certain to be made aware of his presence, and has time to escape before he is himself seen.

He also states that when pursued, the bear sometimes takes refuge in caves in the earth or rocks, where the hunter often endeavors, by making a smoke at the entrance, to force him out; but it not unfrequently happens that, instead of coming out when the smoke becomes too oppressive, he very deliberately advances to the fire, and with his fore-feet beats upon it till it is extinguished; then retreats into the cave. This he assured me he had often seen. Although these statements would seem to endow Bruin with something more than mere animal instinct, and evince a conception of the connection between cause and effect, yet another anecdote which was related to me would go to prove this curious quadruped one of the most stupid fellows in the brute creation.

My informant says that when the bear cannot be driven out of the cave by smoke, it sometimes becomes necessary for the hunter to take his rifle, and with a torch to enter the cavern in search of him. One would suppose this a very hazardous undertaking, and that the animal would soon eject the presumptuous intruder; but, on the contrary, as soon as he sees the light approaching, he sits upright on his haunches, and with his fore paws covers his face and eyes, and remains in this position until the light is removed. Thus the hunter is enabled to approach as close as he desires without danger, and taking deadly aim with his deadly rifle, poor Bruin is slain. These facts have been stated to me by three different Indians, in whose veracity I have much confidence, and I have no doubt are strictly true.—*Captain Marcy's Expedition.*

A FLATTERING CRITICISM.

A well known actor, who has rather a higher opinion of himself than is entertained either by the public or his profession, was playing a star engagement out West recently. One evening, after the performance, as he was standing on the corner of the street, listening with tickled ear to the flatteries of two or three friends, a ragged Irishman approached him.

"Are yez Mr. ——, the ackter?"

"I am Mr. ——, the tragedian," was the actor's reply, as he inwardly wondered what business such a specimen of humanity could have with him.

"Then it's meself, sur, that would be spaking to yees on your acting. Boded, it's beautiful, sur."

"When did you see me act?"

"The other night, sur, when they played Richard the Third. Be the powers, sur, I could have stayed all night, I was so plazed."

"And pray, how did you manage to raise the money to get in?"

"I didn't get in, sur, at all. Divil the red cint I had, nay way. But there's a shed, sur, right side of the theayter, an' I climbed on to a post, sur, an' saw an' heard all that was goin' on."

"And you liked it, my good fellow?"

"Yo may take yer oath of it that I did."

"There!" said the tragedian, turning to his friends, "I assure you, gentlemen, that the expression of unbiassed admiration from the lips of that honest fellow is far more gratifying to my feelings than all the unqualified praises I have invariably received at the hands of the ablest critics of the country. Here, my good man," addressing himself again to the Irishman, "with what portion of my performance of Richard the Third were you most pleased?"

"Wid the dying scene, sur. Ye was so very dhroll an' amusin' in that, that I thought I'd kill meself laughing at ye."

The tragedian walked home.—*Times.*

THE SYDENHAM FOUNTAINS.

Probably the most extensive, and at the same time the most beautiful fountains in the world, at the present time, are those in the gardens of the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, England. These fountains were first set in operation a few months since, in the presence of Queen Victoria and twenty-one thousand visitors. The day was beautiful, and the scene is said to have been magnificent. Nearly twelve thousand jets of water were thrown into the air together—including two jets shooting to a height of two hundred and eighty feet, or nearly sixty feet higher than the spex of Bunker Hill Monument. The fountains are chiefly supplied from two tanks, placed at the top of the palace towers—each tank containing two thousand tons of water. The water upon its way from the towers is distributed through a system of iron pipes, ten miles in their aggregate length, and so large that a man may crawl through the smallest of them. —*New Orleans Delta.*

DIGNITY.

Marcel was a dancing master, the first posture master of his day. He used to say that none but the English possessed dignity enough to dance well. He was so wrapt up in the sublimity of his art, that he would not pardon the least inelegance of posture. In his latter days he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said: "Go and take it up, miss, and present it to me as I taught you." She burst into tears and obeyed. "I consent to take it now, and thank you; for your elbow was not quite rounded enough."—*London News.*

He that can compose himself is wiser than he that composes books. He that has wit and learning should add wisdom and modesty. He that loses his conscience has nothing left worth keeping.

Jester's Picnic.

During the Dorr war in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." The avowed from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west part of the State.

"Mr. Speaker," says he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with nothing but a drum and fife, and come off first best, too! I go agin it, I guess. They'll be dreadful embarrassing things to battle, now I tell you."

This was irresistible, and old "Aunt Rhody's army" remains unorganized to this day.

A gentleman once made application to Thorn the millionaire for the hand of his daughter:

"How much pock-t money, sir, do you feel prepared to settle upon the lady?" inquired the indulgent papa.

"Well; I thought, perhaps, that five thousand a year would be about right."

"Five thousand a year, sir! Only five thousand a year! Why, it would not pay her washer-woman, sir! It would not find her in gloves! It would not keep her in poodle dogs and handkerchiefs! Good morning, sir."

"The most indulgent mother I have heard of lately, lives some two and a half hour's drive from San Antonio, on the left. It was a long time before she would admit that her eldest and best beloved boy—a refractory and turbulent little fellow—richly merited a flagellation; and when she finally gave in that he was entitled to a "course of sprouts," she contended that he should be put under the influence of chloroform before the sapling were applied. Solomon, with all his wisdom, was behind the present fast age in administering to juvenile delinquents."

Widows.—They are the very mischief. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, it's done. I knew one that was terrible afraid of thunder and lightning; and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower), and clasp her little hands, and fly round till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed. And the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms rattled over her head.

The following incident, coming direct from one of the *dramatis personæ*, may be relied upon as a fact:

The Rev. Mr. G——, a clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home on business, his little son, a youth of four years, calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father at the morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied with a grave face:—"No, I don't like the looks of them taters."—*Bangor Standard.*

Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half an hour too long."

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say:—"My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have *two little manors*." The judge immediately interposed with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

Voltaire and Piron were mortal enemies, and to their great embarrassment, they met one day at the country house of a mutual friend. Piron got up early, went to Voltaire's door, and wrote upon it the word, "ane." At breakfast time Voltaire advanced towards Piron, and smilingly observed:—"I thank you for showing your interest in my welfare by leaving your card at my door this morning."

A sentimental gent was describing with the tenderest emotion the last moments of a deceased friend, who was noted during life for his meanness. "He drew me tenderly towards his side, squeezed my hand, and gave me his watch." "Did he?" said a bystander. "You are mistaken; you mean to say, he gave you his hand, and squeezed his watch."

A lady of wealth put her daughter, who had been pampered by indulgence, under a governess. Upon calling to inquire how her daughter progressed with her studies, she was told, "Not very well." "Why, what is the reason?" "She wants capacity." "Well, you know I don't regard expense, you must purchase one directly."

A man from the country once applied to a legal friend for advice, and after detailing all the particulars of the case, he was asked by the attorney if he was sure that he had stated the facts as they occurred. "O, yes," replied the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put in the lie for yourself."

Judge Smith, after he was seventy, married a second wife considerably his junior. One day, soon after the ceremony, he was riding with her, and on coming to a hill, she hastened him with the remark:—"Judge, my father always used to walk up the hill." "So did my first wife," replied the judge.

A friend telling how hot it was in New Orleans, says: "A vessel loaded with pig iron lay at the levee discharging her cargo, a negro would get a pig on his back, and before he could get ashore the load would melt and run all over him so that he d have to be dug out with a coal chisel."

The day after the apparition of the Yankee at her majesty's levee in a black cravat, the English funds actually declined. A correspondent draws from the fact the following moral: The "dee" of the two nations must be extremely loose, when "cravats" can thus effect the "stocks!"

"Life," says the graphic Neal, "is like a field of blackberry bushes—mean people stoop and pick the fruit, no matter how much they may blacken their fingers; but genius, proud and perpendicular, stalks on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in his trowsers."

In the Irish House of Commons one night, a blustering orator having triumphantly, as he thought exclaimed, "I am the guardian of my own honor," Sir Boyle Roche quietly settled the orator by saying, "I wish the honorable gentleman joy on his sinecure appointment."

"Mother," said a little boy, the other day, "I've got such a bad headache and sore throat too." "Have you, my dear?" asked the mother; "well, you shall have some medicine." "It's no matter," retorted the shrewd urchin, "I've got 'em, *but they don't hurt me.*"

A limb of the law, in passing a chap engaged in posting bills, addressed him thus: "How are you, William?" "My name is not William." "Ah, I thought your name was William, as I have heard them call you *Bill Sticker.*"

A Fraud Confessing.—Alfie—Fred, do you know "I love but thee?" Fred—No, I didn't know it, but I'm glad to hear it.

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